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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER I.

READER, were you ever in Galway, the queer, quaint, foreign-looking old capital of the Western province of Ireland,—the half-Norman, half-Spanish "City of the Tribes?" If you were not, you can hardly conceive any idea of its singularity. An old, old Irish city, with few or no Irish features—more Spanish than Irish in its general character, at least in the style of its antique architecture, yet elaborately adorned with the heraldric devices of the first Norman settlers—whose stronghold it was. From end to end of the narrow, irregular streets may be seen old mansions, many of them in tolerably good preservation, presenting the arched doors and gateways, the double entrances, and flagged courtyards, the balconies and other exterior characteristics of old Spain during the Moorish period. It is a city in which the old and the new are strangely, oddly mingled—a city abounding in striking contrasts, and full of romantic associations. What a mine of the richest romance lies hidden away in its storied lanes and purlieus, amongst the mouldering mansions of departed Blakes and Lynches, Brownes and Frenches, and all the others of the fourteen Norman tribes who for centuries lived like princes within the strong walls of Galway, defended by their fourteen towers, corresponding to the number of the tribes. Some future SCOTT may work this mine for the entertainment of another generation—less than a master-hand would but spoil the glorious work. For us, we have but to glance at the noble old city as we pass through its crowded marts, its quiet, old-fashioned courts, and the rows of half-fortified houses which form many of its streets. Without the ancient walls, but still within the borough limits, about a quarter of a mile from the city, on the banks of the Galway river, a little above the point where it merges in the noble bay, there is a portion of the West suburbs to which we would conduct the reader, albeit that the place is none of the most attractive. On the side of a long, low hill running parallel with the river may be seen a dense and confused mass of thatched cottages, apparently huddled together without any idea of order or regularity, yet stretching so far along the river and up the hill that you cannot help calling the place a town. It has, indeed, two good piers running out into the stream so as to form a safe harbor, and river craft of every size are moored here and there along the shore, while scores of smaller ones are drawn up upon the strand. At first sight neither streets nor lanes are visible, but a closer inspection shows that the town contains both in any number. Narrow and irregular they are to be sure, and sorely puzzling, no doubt, to the luckless stranger who finds himself threading their maze, yet there they are, crossing and recrossing, running hither and thither in every direction, and in every possible shape, in utter defiance of geometry and mathematics. The houses are all pretty nearly of the same class, mud walls, many of them neatly whitewashed, however, and straw-thatched roofs. In some instances, and they are not few, there is a grotesque imitation of the Spanish houses of the neighboring city, and it is a curious sight to see the arched doorway and double entrance with its little-paved court under such a roof. It is, indeed, the quaintest and queerest of suburban villages, and has little, except its singularity, to attract attention. The atmosphere is, moreover, so strongly impregnated with odors from the finny tribes that few strangers will, from choice, remain any time in the village, yet if the natural repugnance to fishy smells be so far overcome as to visit the interior of the cottages they will be found neat and comfortable to an uncommon degree. The fishing tackle, too, which amongst the less tidy housewives might encumber the small dwelling is here carefully ranged on the outer walls, giving universal token of the trade and calling of the villagers. The low ground between the village and the river presents the appearance of a miniature dock-yard, where boats of all sizes are either in process of building or undergoing repairs. The little quays are clean and handsome, and there is nothing squalid in the appearance of the hardy, active men so busily employed about the boats. The attire of fishermen is pretty much the same, all the civilized world over, and those of whom we speak have little to distinguish them from others of their calling. A little more brawny and of more muscular proportions they may be, and they are certainly a good-looking race of men take them as you will—fine, bold athletic fellows as you would meet in a summer-day's travel. But go up amongst their cottages, dear reader,—make your way, if you can, through the labyrinthine maze of the narrow streets and lanes, and look at the wives and daughters of these stalwart fishermen in their coarse stuff bodices and skirts of blue or red, their dark features shaded by the colored cotton kerchief, which, on working days, forms the head-dress of young and old, and you will say that they are the finest women you have seen take them for all in all. A striking uniformity of costume prevails amongst them, and the same physical traits are more or less common to all. They speak a language which neither you nor I can understand. Even the Irish-speaking people of the surrounding country have enough to do to hold *parlance* with them, notwithstanding that their language is a *patois* of the old Gaelic. Everything marks them out as a peculiar people, a community within themselves, and such they really are; and as we see them now so have they been for ages. That village, reader,—which at the time of our story contained some five thousand souls,—is THE CLADDAGH, from time immemorial the abode of the Galway fishermen, the self-constituted lords of Galway Bay, (at least of its piscal treasures,) the sturdy upholders of primitive customs, and the determined opponents of all innovation. It is their proud boast that they are descended from some ancient colony, probably of Spaniards, very early settled in that most advantageous position, and they will permit no stranger to take up his abode within their borders. Their manners and customs are wholly different, as may well be supposed, from those of the surrounding population, and as for laws and government, they have all within themselves. The municipal authorities of the adjoining city have as little control over the sturdy Claddagh men within their limits as though they were thousands of miles away. They make laws for themselves, and annually elect an executive, consisting of two functionaries of an amphibious nature, to wit, Admiral and Vice-Admiral on the aquatic element, Mayor, and Deputy-Mayor on land. The sole power is, however, vested in the former both on sea and land during the term of his office, his subordinate being only to act in case of any emergency, such as sickness, death, or absence. Never was ruler endued with higher powers than the admiral of the Claddagh fleet, and beyond his decision, in the frequent disputes of the villagers, no one ever thinks of going. In fact, there is no temporal authority to whom they *could* appeal, there being, as we have said, no other tribunal recognized by the community. It does not follow, however, that the mayor-admiral has absolute and unlimited control over his subjects. On the contrary, he himself, as well as the entire population of the village, are subject to another authority located in the Dominican convent on the top of the hill overlooking the village. The good monks of St. Mary's of the Hill are, and have been for ages back, the spiritual directors of this wild community, and the kind, fatherly Abbot is the lord-paramount of the Claddagh. Numberless are the ties that bind the simple fishermen and their families to their spiritual fathers on the hill, and, to do them justice, they never miss an opportunity of showing their grateful affection. Nor have the good Dominicans any reason to be ashamed of their humble flock, for in no part of Ireland are the Christian and social virtues more faithfully or more generally practised than in the fishing village of the Claddagh. Politics and science, literature and art, war and rumors of war, none of them give any trouble to the stout miners who draw forth the finny treasures of Galway Bay. Wrapped up in the impenetrable folds of their own harsh, dissonant patois, and wholly engrossed during the six working days by the care of their boats and nets, and the various movements of the finny tribes, they neither know nor care what is passing in the world around and beyond them.

About thirteen or fourteen years ago, just before the awful period of the famine, the mayor of the Claddagh was a hale old man named Randal O'Hara, than whom a bolder heart or a keener eye never steered a boat around Kilcorgan Point. To these qualifications were added the strictest probity, and the most unbounded nature, rough and rugged at times, yet ever honest and sincere. It was commonly said of Randal O'Hara—better known to his neighbors as Randal More*—that "his bark was worse than his bite"—and so it was indeed, for Randal seldom spoke a civil word, and just as seldom *did* an uncivil act. He possessed a large share of sound common sense, a ready wit, and a clear head, and would altogether have been a very able man had he lived in a more artificial state of society with the additional advantage of education. As it was he was the ruling spirit of the Claddagh, and had for many successive years been re-elected to the chief command,—a situation, indeed, of much toil and trouble, with little or no gain. Good part of his days, when on shore, were occupied in the exercise of his judicial functions, which, however, was no great loss to him or his family, inasmuch as he had two grown-up sons to mend his nets and keep his jolly hooker in good condition. Barney and Yeman were fine fellows—youthful *fac similes* of their worthy sire—handsome, brave, gay and witty—in high favor amongst the Claddagh lasses, and the pride of their father's heart. Mother they had none, for the good woman who once held that relation to them had for many years been a tenant of the neighboring graveyard. Still her loss was comparatively unfelt in the little household she had ruled so well, for her mother, old Vara Halliday, stept into her vacant shoes, immediately after her death, and although her government was now and then somewhat arbitrary, yet affairs went on so well under her administration that no one felt disposed to complain. Least of all Maureen Dhu, the Admiral's only daughter, the spoiled pet of the family, and her grandmother's sole confidant in the important business of the *menage* and the still more important affairs of the market, for it was Vara who disposed of all the fish reserved by Randal for the Galway market. When a larger "take" than usual fell to the lot of the family, the greater part was conveyed by the men to some of the Clare sea-ports, or even up the Shannon to "Limerick of the Ships."

In the fishing season (chiefly the fall and the winter) old Vara was every day to be found at her accustomed stand in the ancient fish market, just outside one of the gates of Galway. There she was nearly as influential a person as in her own, or rather her son-in-law's cottage, under St. Mary's Hill. Every one knew Vara Halliday, both purchasers and sellers, and, to say the truth, the respect due to her exalted station as mother-in-law to the Admiral and Comptroller of his household, was considerably increased by her own marvellous power of speech. Vara's tongue was, indeed, proverbial not only in the Claddagh, but even in the city, and I am free to say, it was as sharp an instrument as ever laid edge to mortal body. In her quiescent state, Vara Halliday was rather taciturn than otherwise, but her vocal organs once let loose, under the influence of some strong emotion,—such, for instance, as some Galway shopkeeper undervaluing her hake or haddock,—and, oh! ye powers! they were a perfect avalanche crushing all before them, and driving the unlucky offender to hide his diminished head in some neighboring domicile beyond the gate. In physical prowess, Vara was a match for most men, and there was not a coal-heaver in Galway city that would not have shrunk from the application of her fists to his dusky countenance.

(To be continued.)

* Big Randal.

MODERN LITERATURE.—There is a style in modern literature, as there is in social life, which aims at the suppression of all the larger sympathies, and the avoidance of all frank and outward expression, and which delights in little daintinesses and prettinesses of thought and language, and in the secondary and reflected emotions. This style, which can be caught up and imitated by any one, is the great talent of the dealers in small talk, in periodicals and evening parties. Dainty spasms and emotions are described in a conventional jargon, uttered in the outre voice and style of mock refinement, such as an actor on the stage gives as the caricature of an Exquisite in society. These literateurs used to tell us how they once felt in youth, when they almost had an emotion of love; with what feelings they read some poem; how, after perusing Thackeray, they aspired not to be snobs; how the inmost recesses of their nature were stirred on the question of spoons and forks and costume at Mrs. Potipher's parties, where affecting great scorn at parvenue position, they exhibited their own second-hand graces and kept an eye upon the waiters, upon the hostess and the supper, in order to show them up to ridicule at so much a line. And then they so bepraised one another, and fell into such controversies as to whether *Gag-e-bow-wow* was more original than *Howadji*, and whether Ike Marvel did not surpass both in the Reveries which he unfolded to the world. All this was not well calculated to enlist the sympathies of the general public. Catharine Cauliflower and Fanny Fern, and the *homo-Sylvanus* Cobb, were a hundred fold more popular; and deservedly so. Fanny Fern was more broadly vulgar; and the gentleman who pours out his imagination weekly in *The Ledger* must have invention, at least.—*Albany Atlas and Argus.*

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

(Continued from our last.)

Terry was not the only one who kept close to the hob for long after, fearing to meet the ghostly wanderer by going abroad "at untimeous hours." On the Charlemont side of the river the very boys and girls gave up their *caillying** for months and months to the great satisfaction of prudent and thrifty mothers. Beyond the river things were not quite so bad, as her ghostship's walk was now known not to extend across the bridge, as people on the Móy side had all along been hoping.

Now that we are on the subject of *caillying* I have a mind to tell you, gentle reader, of another individual who was cured of that propensity by a certain process. Somewhere in the county Armagh—I forget the exact place, for, reader, it is long, long, since I was a dweller amongst these scenes of my youth—somewhere in Armagh, however—I think not far from Keady—there lived in my very youngest days a weaver of the name of Alick McCoy. Well! Alick was very fond of *caillying*—indeed it amounted to a passion with him, and except some other *caillyer* happened in before he got out in the evening, he could not content himself at home. Now this propensity of Alick's happened to be a great annoyance to his son Christie and his wife Peggy—not because they were left alone together (for the family consisted of the trio)—oh no! they could have got over that very well, for Christie went a-*caillying* himself at times, and, for that matter, so did Peggy, too, and there was always one or another of the neighbors dropping in if they chanced to *be* at home. The worst feature in Alick's *caillying* was that he would't cross the threshold without company, and Christie found it no joke to be every night, as regularly as the night came, "leaving his father a piece" which piece extended to the door-step of whatever house he meant to visit. This, of course, often interfered very considerably with Christie's own arrangements, yet he couldn't find in his heart to refuse when his father asked him. Christie was what is called a merry fellow, although good-natured enough at bottom, and he one day said to his maternal parent—from whom he appears to have inherited that "pluck" which made him ghost and fairy-proof: "Mother, don't you think it 'id be a good job if I could put my father from joinin' a caillyin'."

The mother eagerly adopted the idea, whereupon Christie said: "I'll do it, then!—see if I don't!"

"Well! don't go too far with it, anyhow, astore!" said the soft-hearted matron, "you know he's jist all as one as a child, poor man! an' you might easy enough do him a deal of harm!"

"Oh, never fear, mother! never fear! I'll only jist frighten him a little, so that he'll be glad to give up the caillyin', and you'll see what pace we'll have with him after it."

That very evening Master Christie commenced operations. When night fell, and the shuttle that all day long had been flying to and fro with lightning swiftness, impelled by Alick's practised hand, lay on the loom in unconscious rest, Alick said: "I think I'll go over a start to Brian Duigenan's. Come, and leave me a piece, Christie, like a good boy!"

He was stooped, tieing his knee-breeches at the time, and, therefore, did not see his son stealing out of the door. The mother quickly answered:

"Bother to you for a man! I never seen you better! Christie's jist after goin' out, so I think you must content yourself at home for this night!"

But Alick couldn't content himself at home. Go he must, for many urgent reasons, but to go alone was a hard necessity. At length a bright thought struck him: "I'll tell you what Peggy," said he in a fit of desperate courage, "*I'll go*, if you'll jist stand at the door till I get over near the house." To this Peggy agreed, and off Alick set, his wife taking her station at the door. When Alick had got a few perches from the house, he turned to see if Peggy was still at her Post, and re-assured by the sight of her, on he marched again. Another hundred yards or so, and he cast another look behind, but Peggy was not to be seen. Seized with a nervous tremor, Alick called out, "Peggy! I say, Peggy!" and to his great relief Peggy's voice replied, whereupon Alick trudged on sturdily, looking neither to one side nor the other, and struggling hard to keep from thinking of ghost, goblin, or fairy. In order to reach Brian Duigenan's by "a short cut." Alick had to walk along the whole length of a field on the top of a ditch, where there was a narrow path worn by neighbors' feet. Alick had traversed about the half of this elevated pathway, when a most unexpected sound, like the whizzing of a wheel, met his ear, and made him star. By a kind of fascination he cast his eyes down into the field whence the noise seemed to proceed, and, oh horror! there—there, right under the ditch, sat a diminutive creature *winding quills** for dear life, on a quill wheel of corresponding size. There was no light save that of the stars, so that objects were not distinctly visible, but the wheel was going, and a *leprachaun* was there winding quills, there was no doubt of *that*. To go on, under the circumstances, was out of the question, to go back just as bad, so what to do Alick knew not, but all at once he remembered that Peggy was on guard not far off, so he tried his tongue and luckily found it in working order.

"Peggy!" he cried in a sort of loud whisper, which, of course, Peggy did not hear.

"Peggy!" he cried again in a louder voice, far above his breath.

No answer from Peggy, but faster and faster went round the quill wheel.

"Peggy!" he shouted in a tremendous fit of excitement amounting to desperation.

But alas! the familiar responsive voice reached not his overstrained ear, and turning quickly back, he cast one frenzied look at the cheerful light in his own window, as though trying to measure the distance, and then sprang off on the homeward track with the lightness of early boyhood. Hedge, ridge, or furrow, nothing stopped his wild career, till, with a hop, step and jump, he gained his own jamb wall† and, panting, threw himself behind the astonished Peggy, who was quietly and cosily knitting her stocking in the chimney corner.

"Why, Lord bless me, Alick dear! what's wrong with you?"

"Ay! what's wrong with me!—it's easy for you to ask, an' bad manners to you, Peggy!—oh!—oh!—I'm done for, so I am! I'll never do any good afther it, I'm sure an' sartin!

"Why, man alive! what is it, at all?"

"What is it?—oh! you misfortunate woman you'll have my death on you as sure as you're sittin' there!—if you had staid where I left you, it wouldn't have happened! Oh dear! my heart's all of a flutter!"

By degrees Alick got over his fright, and then Peggy got the story out of him, and it was again repeated with unconscious variations to Christie who got home from his *cailly* soon after. Many a sly look was exchanged between mother and son as the fairy tale proceeded, especially when Alick undertook to describe the queer-looking cap that the *leprachaun* had on his head.

"Ah! then, what sort of a thing was it, father dear?" inquired the son with well-dissembled curiosity; "was it anything like this of mine?"

"Get out, you *gomeril!* isn't that a purty question for you to ask? I tell you, it wasn't like any cap, hat, or caubeen I ever laid eyes on—it was the curiousest shape that man or mortial ever seen."

It *was*, too, for Christie, as he afterwards told his mother, had turned and twisted his caubeen into all manner of odd shapes, so that it must have presented a most fantastic outline in the dim starlight. Christie was in the habit of boasting to his confidential friends that after that night you couldn't get his father to put out his head after nightfall for love or money.

Finding, however, that he succeeded so well on this occasion, the irreverent wag played off another practical joke on his simple-hearted father only a few weeks after.

It was wearing on towards the fall, and the evenings were already long enough and chilly enough to make the fireside pleasant. The *caillying* season had set in, under the auspicious influence of the harvest moon, and all the neighbors, with the sorrowful exception of Alick McCoy, were in one way or another enjoying the delicious beauty of a late September evening. There was another exception, it is true, viz.: Alick's wife Peggy, who, being of a drowsy turn, had thrown herself on the bed, "in the room below," to take a comfortable nap. Christie to be sure was "away on his cailly."

So all alone sat Alick McCoy in quiet possession of the well-swept hearth, before him a cheerful turf-fire, arranged by Peggy before she lay down, and in his hand the cutty pipe which he had just taken from his mouth for the purpose of filling it again. But as his mind began to wander to the merry gatherings around many a neighboring hearth, that night, while he sat there "lonely and lonesome," the comfort of his own position lost its charms, supernatural fears came upon him, and the very cat—the time-honored mouser of the household—as she lay purring at the foot of the hob on the opposite side, seemed suddenly to assume a fearfully-increased size, and Alick said to himself: "By dad! I'm afeard she's one of the ould Danes,* though, Lord bless me! I never thought of it before. I wish Peggy was up—I don't like the looks of that cat!"

With his eyes fixed on the unconscious object of his newly-awakened suspicions, poor Alick sat in a sort of dreamy lethargy that was not all fear, for he had a certain faint confidence that the old grey pussy would not begin to harm him after such a long acquaintance, even though she *were* enchanted.

All of a sudden the door opened, and in bounded a great shaggy beast, and on poor Alick's back it pounced with its huge paws like claws fastened on his shoulders. With a shriek of despair, Alick sprang from under his hideous burden—God gave him strength, he said, to shake it off—and down to the room he rushed, and into the bed beyond Peggy, to the great amazement of that excellent woman, who started from her sleep with a wild inquiry as to what was the matter.

"Oh! Peggy! Peggy! not a word for your life—not a word or we're done for. Ould Nick is abroad in the kitchen.

"Hut, tut, Alick! what nonsense with you—you're always seein' or hearin' something fearsome, if it's true for yourself!"

"I tell you, woman, he had a gripe of me, so he had, only there was some poor body's blessin' on me that I got him off."

"An' what is he like, at all?"

"Husht! husht! do you hear that?" Alick whispered, "you'll believe me now, I think!"

Peggy was at first somewhat startled by the loud laughter which echoed round the house, but she soon got over her tremor, and going softly to the door, peeped up into the kitchen, Alick keeping close behind her. Fortunately, the coast was clear, and the worthy couple sat down at the fire, Alick still trembling in every limb, and Peggy looking anxiously for Christie's return, having a shrewd notion that he could throw some light on the subject of the apparition.

When the son came in a little while after, he was much astonished to hear of what had taken place, and asked in a very grave tone, "what shape did he appear in, father?"

"'Deed, I can hardly tell you, Christie, I was so thunderstruck. I've a sort of a notion that he was in the shape of a big goat!"

"The Lord save us, father dear; wasn't that tarrible!" and Christie winked at his mother, whose eye was fixed inquiringly on him. "Sure enough you had a narra escape that he didn't carry you off, body an' bones, from us. But, father, maybe it wasn't the ould fellow was in it, after all. Don't you know how Micky Boylan's goat goes *stravagin'* about from house to house, by times?"

At this suggestion Alick was quite offended, and eyed his son with supreme contempt: "Well, I declare, Christie, you're the aggravatin'est boy that ever *I* came across. Now don't you know very well that I know Mick Boylan's goat as well as I do you in a manner?—nonsense, man; don't be makin' a fool o' yourself! I tell you it *was* ould Harry, an' ne'er a one else—didn't I see his eyes flamin' like two coals behint me, an' the breath of him nearly scorched the hair off my head—that's true. Peggy dear, jist look at it, an' see if there's e'er a sign of fire on it?"

Of course there was not, whereat Alick was apparently much relieved, but it is very questionable if he was not in reality somewhat disappointed, as it would have been something to show in proof of the diabolical apparition, if his hair had been even a little singed, or so.

The sagacious reader need hardly be informed that the uncouth visitor was in very deed the identical goat which appertained to the household of Mick Boylan. Christie, with the aid of some of "the neighbor boys," had sent in the animal in the manner already described, well knowing that Alick's fears would conjure him into some fearful apparition.

Poor Alick McCoy; simple, guileless, credulous Alick McCoy! type of a class well nigh extinct in Ireland—peace to your ashes where they rest in Tynan churchyard! May your gentle spirit have found a good place in the other world, whose shadowy people were the terror of your harmless life on earth!

* An ancient practice amongst the Irish peasantry of going to a neighbor's house to pass the evening hours. Persons of both sexes and of all ages went in "town" on their cailly," the girls taking their wheel on their shoulder, the matrons their stocking "on their arm." It was a pleasant system, and a harmless one, too.

* The quill is a small oblong clue of the yarn which is placed in the eye of the shuttle. Where weaving was carried on extensively in a house, there was "a quill-boy" kept for the purpose of winding the quills for the weavers.

† A short wall which protected the open fireplace from "the draft of the door." It was generally perforated about the centre with a square, or oftener, a triangular aperture.

* It is a prevalent notion amongst the peasantry in most parts of Ireland that the Danes who formerly had possession of the country were much skilled in magic, and that some of them are still remaining on the soil of Ireland, enchanted into various shapes—chiefly the feline.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Lord Holland, in his *Recollections*, bears the following testimony to the merits of the above distinguished nobleman, which is only just as it is generous:

My approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed. To have rejected French assistance, and yet raised the standard of revolt in Ireland, would have been to produce a civil war without the possibility of success. If, therefore, the succors from France manifestly exposed the people of Ireland, in case of success, to a tyranny as oppressive as that under which they were then groaning, the insurrection was not to be justified; but if, upon a fair and dispassionate comparison of the different dangers to which they were exposed, it appeared that the interests of France, the distance of that country, and the difficulty of the communication afforded to the people of Ireland a reasonable prospect of escaping subjection to France after they had thrown off all dependence on England by the means of French troops, the chance of so prosperous an issue might fully justify the perilous experiment which the United Irishmen then determined to make.

Such was unquestionably the view taken of the subject by Lord Edward. His actions showed that he was not blind to the danger which might be apprehended from a French force successful in his country. His early arrest was a fatal blow to the whole design of the insurrection of 1798, for though his abilities were not of the first order, nor even equal to those of Thomas Addis Emmet, yet he combined advantages of birth, education, and personal character, which would have enabled him to reconcile, better than any other man, the jarring materials of which the conspiracy was composed. * * * Lord Edward was a good officer. The plans found among his papers showed much combination, and considerable knowledge of the principles of defence. His apprehension was so quick, and his courage so constitutional, that he would have applied, without disturbance, all the faculties he possessed, to any emergency, however sudden, and in the moment of the greatest danger or confusion. He was, among the United Irish, scarcely less considerable for his political, than his military qualifications. His temper was happily formed to engage the affections of a warm-hearted people. A cheerful and intelligent countenance, an artless gaiety of manner, without reserve, but without intrusion, and a careless, yet inoffensive intrepidity, both in conversation and in action, fascinated his slightest acquaintance, and disarmed the rancor of even bitter opponents. These indeed were only the indication of more solid qualities—an open and fearless heart, warm affections, and a tender compassionate disposition. Where his own safety was concerned he was bold even to rashness; he neither disguised his thoughts, nor controlled his actions; where the interests or reputation of others were at stake he was cautious, discreet, and considerate. Indignant as he was at the oppression of his country, and intemperate in his language of abhorrence at the cruelties exercised in Ireland, I never could find that there was a single man against whom he felt the slightest personal animosity. He made allowances for the motives, and even temptations, of those whose actions he detested. With the most unaffected simplicity and good nature, he would palliate, from the force of circumstances or the accident of situation, the perpetrators of the very enormities which had raised his high spirit and compassionate nature to conspire and resist. It was this kindness of heart that led him, on his death-bed, to acquit the officer who inflicted his wounds of all malice, and even to commend him for an honest discharge of his duty. It was this sweetness of disposition that enabled him to dismiss with good humor one of his bitterest persecutors, who had visited him in his mangled condition, if not to insult his misfortunes, with the idle hope of extorting his secret. "I would shake hands willingly with you," said he, "but mine are cut to pieces. However, I'll shake a *toe*, and wish you good-bye."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Progress of Repeal—Escape of O'Connell from the Orange Party—Recollection of the Shearses—O'Connell's Bar Practice—A Civil Visit refused—Journey to Munster—O'Connell's Recollections of 1797 and 1803—Judge Finucane's Charge—Epigram on a Sign Post, by Hussey Burgh—Appropriative Ladies—Eloquence in a Newspaper—Rev. Robert Manning's Answer to Leslie's Case Stated.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Markey* visited O'Connell. Markey's tendencies were naturally loyal; but, like many others, he had been forced into the insurrection of 1798 by the intolerable tyranny of the then existing Government. He had, in childhood, been enrolled in the national cause. When only six years old, his father brought him to a review of the Irish Volunteers, at Bellew's Town; and the child's feeble hands held a mimic standard in the front of the patriotic muster.

"I believe, Markey," said O'Connell, "that you and Cloney are the only two colonels of the United Irishmen now surviving in Ireland. Poor Sterne Harte, who died the other day, was a major. Well, how times are changed, my old friend! We are on the eve of infinitely greater changes. What a feature of the times, to have seventeen Tories in our Corporation, unanimously joining in that vote of thanks to me on my quitting office as Lord Mayor!"

"Aye," said Markey, "and there in Drogheda, the other day, we saw Ball, of Ball's Grove, the head of one of the staunchest Tory families in Ireland, suddenly sending in his ten pound contribution to the O'Connell fund. I was sitting on the bench, beside the Mayor, when the letter arrived. I protest, we could scarcely have been more astonished, if the town-house had walked into the Boyne!"

"That the rational and sagacious of their party will come round," said O'Connell, "is a matter of gradual, but certain occurrence. The common sense of the case is so completely with us. Well, no doubt these things are triumphs. Orange Tories uniting in a vote of thanks to me! to *me*, who have twice been preserved, by the special protection of Providence, from being murdered by Orangemen! You well remember, Markey, how we heard the signal-shots fired far away to the left, on that journey to the north, in 1835. I did not know the route, and, providentially, gave wrong instructions to the postillions. The Orangemen had mustered on the bridge, in the long flat bog near Omagh—a dangerous pass, without battlements—they were resolved to have destroyed me, either by flinging me into the river, or creating a riot, and shooting me in the skirmish. Well, God took care of me, I trust, for a good purpose for Ireland."

On the following day, Dr. Madden, the author of a work on the United Irishmen, visited him.

"Oh, Madden!" cried O'Connell, as he entered, "I was thinking, as I read your book, how glad you would have been to learn a trifling incident I could have told you about the Shearses. I travelled with them, in the Calais packet, to England, in 1793. I left Douai on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais the very day the news arrived that the King and Queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, who all, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the Revolution. They were talking of the execution of the King and Queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Shearses. Hearing the horrible doings at Paris spoken of, John Shearses said, 'We were at the execution.' 'Good heaven!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen, 'how could you have got there?' 'By bribing two of the National Guard to lend us their uniforms,' answered Shearses; 'we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene. 'But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?' resumed the Englishman. John Shearses answered energetically—I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words, *'From love of the cause!'*"

Dr. Madden said, he would far prefer to have received some anecdote favorable to the character of the Shearses, instead of one which inculpated them in the sanguinary brutality of Jacobinism.

O'Connell added this trivial circumstance—that on the occasion of that voyage, the elder Shearse observed that it was the only time he had ever been at sea without danger of shipwreck. "I think, Madden," said he, in conclusion, "the whole story would have derived some zest from *my* being mixed up in it."

About this period, old John O'Neill (the volunteer or 1782) solicited the good offices of O'Connell, for the children of a man who had recently died in embarrassed circumstances. "Poor fellow," said O'Neill, "he was a slobbering sort of manager. The Dutch say 'that when a man becomes distressed, it is a sure sign that he has not kept his accounts with regularity.'"

"The Dutch are not far from the truth," observed O'Connell. "I have often seen preposterously slobbering mismanagement among men for whom I have been professionally concerned. I recollect I once had a client, an unlucky fellow, against whom a verdict had been given for a balance of £1,100. We were trying to set aside that verdict. I was young at the bar at that time—my senior counsel contented themselves with abusing the adverse witnesses, detecting flaws in their evidence, and making sparkling points; in short, they made very flourishing and eloquent, but rather ineffective speeches. Whilst they flourished away, I got our client's books, and taking my place immediately under the judges' bench, I opened the accounts, and went through them all from beginning to end. I got the whole drawn out by double entry, and got numbers for every voucher The result plainly was, that so far from there being a just balance of £1,100 against our poor devil, there actually was a balance of £700 in his favor! although the poor slovenly blockhead did not know it himself! When my turn came, I made the facts as clear as possible to jury and jury—and the jury inquired 'if they couldn't find a verdict of £700 for Mr. ——?' I just tell you the circumstances," continued O'Connell, "to show you that I kept an eye on that important branch of my profession."

One day, when the Liberator was particularly occupied, and interruption, of course, more than ordinarily unwelcome, a civil booby came in and apologized for not having previously visited him. "Say nothing about it," said O'Connell; I look on it as a very great kindness when people don't visit me."

On another day of incessant political occupation at the Mansion-house, the servant announced Mr. ——.

"Who is Mr. ——?" demanded O'Connell. "I know many men of that name." The servant descended to the hall to inquire, and satisfied O'Connell as to the peculiar identity of his visitor. "Go ask him what's his business," said the Liberator, giving himself another short reprieve. "He says his business is to make his bow to your lordship," said the envoy, having made the inquiry. "Augh! tell him I am quite satisfied to accept his bow where he is!"

Driving out of town one day *en route* to some Repeal destination, O'Connell said, as we passed Eustace street:

"In my young days there used to be a celebrated tavern in that street, where the Reformers of the period held many of their meetings. I was at one of these meetings in 1797—it was a meeting of the lawyers. John Sheares and the present Judge Burton attended it."

"Had you been then called to the bar?"

"No. I was not then a lawyer—I only went as a spectator. It was fortunate for me that I could not then participate in the proceedings. I felt warmly—and a young Catholic student stepping prominently forth in opposition to the Government, would have been in all probability hanged. I learned much by being a *looker on* about that time. I had many good opportunities of acquiring valuable information, upon which I very soon formed my own judgment. It was a terrible time. The political leaders of the period could not conceive such a thing as a perfectly open and above-board political machinery. My friend Richard Newton Bennett was an adjunct to the Directory of United Irishmen. I was myself a United Irishman. As I saw how matters worked, I soon learned the lesson to *have no secrets in politics*. Other leaders made their *workings* secret, and only intended to bring out the *results*. They were, therefore, perpetually in peril of treachery. You saw men on whose fidelity you would have staked your existence playing false, when tempted by the magnitude of the bribe on the one side, and terrified on the other by the danger of hanging."

As we passed through St. James's street, he pointed out a dusky red brick house, with stone cornices and architraves, on the south side of the street.*

"That," said he, "was the Grand Canal Hotel. One night in 1803 I searched every room in that house."

"For what did you search?"

"For croppies. I was then a member of the Lawyers' Corps, and constantly on duty. After I had stood sentry for three successive nights, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman's turn came. He had recently been ill, and told me the exposure to night air would probably kill him. 'I shall be in a sad predicament,' said he, 'unless you take my turn of duty for me. If I refuse, they'll accuse me of cowardice or croppyism; if I mount guard it will be the death of me!' So I took his place, and thus stood guard for six consecutive nights. One night a poor boy was taken up in Dame street after midnight—he said in his defence that he was going on a message from his master, a notary public, to give notice for protest of a bill—the hour seemed a very unlikely one for such a purpose, and we searched his person for treasonable documents. We found in his waistcoat pocket a sheet of paper, on which were rudely scrawled several drawings of pikes. He turned pale with fright, and trembled all over, but persisted in the account he had given us of himself. It was easily tested, and a party immediately went to his master's house to make inquiry. His master confirmed his statement, but the visitors whose suspicions were excited by the drawing, rigidly searched the whole house for pikes—prodded the beds to try if there were any concealed in them—found all right, and returned to our guard-house about three in the morning."

As we passed through Naas, O'Connell observed that the head of O'Connor, a rebel schoolmaster, who was hanged in 1797, had ceased for some years to ornament the gaol.

"He made," said O'Connell, "a wicked speech in the dock. He complained of taxes, and oppressions of various descriptions, and then said 'Before the flesh decays from my bones—nay, before my body is laid in the earth, the avenger of tyranny will come. The French are on the sea while I utter these words—they will soon effect their short and easy voyage, and strike terror and dismay into the cruel oppressors of the Irish people.' When the prisoner concluded, Judge Finucane commenced his charge, in the course of which he thus attacked the politics, predictions, and arguments of the unhappy prisoner: 'O'Connor, you're a great blockhead for your pains. What you say of the French is all nonsense. Don't you know, you fool, that Lord Howe knocked their ships to smithereens last year? And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the—— Oh! I must not forget, there was another point of nonsense in your speech. You talked about the tax on leather, and said it would make us all go barefoot. Now, O'Connor, I've the pleasure to inform you that I have got a large estate in Clare, and there is not a tenant upon it that hasn't got as good boots and shoes as myself. And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the head until you are dead, and your body shall be divided into quarters, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!' The only reply O'Connor made was, 'If you are kind to your tenants, my lord, may God bless you.'"

Passing Belan, the deserted abode of the Earls of Aldborough, O'Connell repeated the lines Hussey Burgh had composed on the hand which in former days adorned an old finger-post near the gate—(the ladies of the S—— family were not celebrated for their integrity, at the now distant period in question.)

> "Great Jupiter! could I command
> Promethean fire to warm that hand,
> Give it tenacity and feeling,
> Then fix, thus vivified, the fist,
> Upon my sympathetic wrist,
> Oh! what hand 'twould be for stealing!"

"Some ladies of quality," continued O'Connell, "have a curious propensity for theft. There were the Honorable Misses H——. In Bath, the shopkeepers regularly traded on their thievish disposition. Articles of value were left designedly upon the counters—the baits of course took; and the honorable thieves were pursued by shopboys who would say, 'You have taken such or such articles, ladies, but you have forgotten to pay for them.' An exorbitant price was then always demanded, which the ladies were glad to pay in order to escape the worse alternative of public exposure."

The morning papers which we had brought from Dublin contained despatches from China. Sir Henry Pottinger in his account of a recent engagement, stated that "eighty of the enemy were killed, and a *proportionate* number wounded."

"A *proportionate* number!" cried O'Connell, "and pray what is the proportion? Could the fellow make a sum in arithmetic of it! 'Given the number of killed, what ought to be the number of wounded?'"

Speaking of newspaper reports,—

"The very perfection of reporting," said O'Connell, "was my worthy friend ——'s report of a speech that he never delivered at a meeting which never was held. A year or two before Emancipation, a Catholic meeting was intended to be held at Ennis to petition Parliament. —— was resolved to surpass himself on the occasion; and in order to secure a good report, he wrote his speech beforehand, and sent it off by post the day previously to that fixed for the meeting, to the Dublin papers, in which it was accordingly published at full length. There never was a more flaming report. Bursts of applause followed every strong sentiment and rhetorical flourish. 'Here the whole assembly evinced by rapturous cheering the fervid feeling excited by the eloquent appeals of the animated orator,' and so forth. But unluckily the Clare squires were in close attendance at their Assizes' business—the presentments had come on, and the jobbing was too interesting to be abandoned for politics. The consequence was, that not a soul could be got to go to the meeting, and accordingly no meeting was held! Poor ——'s report had gone off to Dublin, and could not be recalled. Next day's papers brought a flaming account of the meeting with a voluminous report of his undelivered speech, and emphatic eulogies of his imaginary eloquence. He was so annoyed by the circumstance that he was ashamed to face his brethren of the Munster bar at the following circuit, and wrote a letter of apology for non-attendance, which I read aloud at the bar dinner in Cork, commenting upon it as I read, in the midst of vociferous laughter."

We had got in the carriage the Rev. Robert Manning's celebrated reply to Leslie's "Case Stated." Leslie's book was written in the form of a dialogue between a Protestant gentleman and a Catholic lord. Of course the gentleman vanquished the lord in the controversy. Manning reprinted every line of Leslie's "Gentleman," but substituted his own replies and arguments for those which Leslie had placed in the mouth of the Catholic lord. The result seemed triumphantly to negative the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson upon Leslie, when he said to Boswell, "Sir, Leslie was a reasoner, indeed, and a reasoner who could not be reasoned against."

"Leslie," said O'Connell, "is exceedingly plausible and able in attacking Catholicity; but although he professes to state the whole case, he does not even attempt to set up any *affirmative* case whatsoever for Protestantism. How exquisitely Manning demolishes his fallacious plausibilities! I suppose that in this book one finds the very strongest objections that can possibly be urged against the Catholic religion; and how utterly futile and driftless they appear when the answers of Manning are read. Protestantism is in fact a mere negation; a denial of certain truths announced by the Catholic Church."

"A very unequal negation," said I.

"Of course it must be an unequal negation," returned O'Connell, "since the amount of Protestantism in the minds of its different votaries, depends on the exact quantity of truth that each man chooses to deny. It is, to be sure, a most curious delusion. It never would have made any head if Luther had not baited his trap with Justification by Faith alone. That was such a comfortable doctrine—so flattering to human corruption—that a leader who promulgated it might safely reckon on a numerous following in his revolt."

O'Connell expressed his opinion that, if Dr. Johnson were now in existence, he would have taken an active and prominent part in the Puseyite movement. "He had certainly many prepossessions in favor of Catholicity."

We spoke of the utter incompetence of the Rule of Private Judgment to preserve a Christian man's belief in the doctrine of the Trinity.

"The Socinians," observed I, "allege that if the Trinitarian doctrine be true, it is very strange that the word *Trinity* does not once occur in the whole Bible."

"Oh, as to that," said O'Connell, "if the word *Trinity* were found in every page of the Bible, Socinian Protestants would not believe in the doctrine one whit more than they do at the present moment. They might get rid of it on the ordinary Protestant principles of interpretation; they might deal with it as they do with the Real Presence in the Eucharist; they might say that the word *Trinity* did not really mean a Trinity at all—that it only meant something that was figuratively called a Trinity."

(To be continued.)

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* Colonel of the United Irishmen, 1798.

* That house has been since then pulled down, the ground it occupied having, I believe, been required by the Dublin and Cashel Railway Company.

An Old Spanish Tradition.—According to an old Spanish tradition, Columbus's discovery of America is mainly due to a hard-fought game of chess. Ferdinand of Spain passed the later hours of the day over the chequer board; his principal antagonist being an old grandee, whose skill put the monarch's powers to a severe test. Columbus had long been dancing attendance at the court, in pursuit of the one aim of his life—the grant of an expedition in search of a New World—and although he had hitherto failed in his aim, yet he had enlisted the sympathies and support of the good Isabella. Ferdinand was one of those matter-of-fact men who object to furthering the schemes of enthusiasts, and withheld his consent to a New World expedition being formed. Poor Columbus would long before have sought assistance elsewhere, but Isabella prevented him, and redoubled her efforts with her husband. The day arrived when the great navigator was to receive his final answer; he wended his way toward the palace at nightfall, more with the intention of bidding adieu to his royal patroness, than from any hope of success with Ferdinand. Isabella had not, however, resigned herself and Columbus to defeat; and, on the latter's arriving, she immediately sought the king, who, being absorbed in a hard-fought game with the afore-mentioned old noble, was not in a likely mood to be bothered by the application of an importunate sailor. The queen's interruption had the effect of merely distracting the monarch's attention, causing him to lose his principal piece, which was followed by a volley of imprecations on suitors in general, and Columbus in particular. The game grew worse and worse, and defeat seemed imminent. Now Isabella, without ever playing, had picked up considerable knowledge of the game by watching her husband and the nobles, and when Ferdinand told her that her *protege* should be successful or otherwise, according as the game resulted, she immediately bent all her energies upon the board. The contest had been unusually long, and the courtiers clustered round the table, amused at the excitement of the king, and the quiet satisfaction of his antagonist. And so the game went on, which was to decide the discovery of a New World, until Isabella leaned toward her husband's ear and whispered, "You can checkmate him in four moves." In the utmost astonishment the king re-examined his game, found that his wife's assertion was correct, and announced a few minutes subsequently that Columbus should depart on his voyage of discovery with the title of "Admiral of the Fleets."

No Joke.—Considerable stir was recently occasioned in a Scotch country village by the elopement of a farmer's daughter with her father's ploughman. The farmer had, by way of encouraging him in his duties, occasionally joked the wary lover about his daughter, but not with the remotest idea that such an event should ever take place; consequently, his chagrin at the turn affairs have taken may be easily imagined. The "true lovyers" bolted on a Saturday evening—lodged the banns with the session clerk of the district, and early on the morning of the following Monday the two were joined in wedlock by a clergyman in a neighboring town for better or for worse. The farmer is said to be inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, and has no doubt by this time learned a lesson from the old Scotch proverb, to "joke at leisure."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Having paid a special visit to the disturbed districts of this part of the county, and instituted considerable inquiries in quarters most likely to be well informed on the character of the outrages, I regret to say there is every evidence of the existence of a most violent party spirit, and that, if immediate steps be not taken for its repression, the public may prepare themselves for the loss of life. There is no doubt that prior to the 12th of July, the Orangemen and Catholics of Craigywarren, Glenravel, Newtowncrommelin, Clough, and Cushendall, had frequent scuffles, but on no occasion of a serious nature; and it is only to the approach of the last "aniversary" that the disgraceful nightly attacks which have continued up to the present may be dated. As it is, a strong feeling is entertained among the lower classes of the Roman Catholic population against the parties who got up the discreditable Orange display in Newtowncrommelin, on "the 12th," and this is returned with still greater bitterness by the Orange factionists. The disgraceful struggle is at present carried on in this way: Roman Catholics visiting the Ballymena market are obliged to pass through Craigywarren and its neighborhood —altogether an Orange district—and when returning home at night they are attacked and savagely beaten by their opponents. On the other hand, the neighborhood of Glenravel is populated by a considerable body of Roman Catholics, who, it is alleged by the Orangemen, revenge the attacks elsewhere made on their co-religionists. The Orange party have also the majority in Newtowncrommelin, and make it their business to attack Roman Catholics who may pass during the night by that line of road to Cushendall. Thus these outrages are continued, and scarcely a night passes that assaults do not take place at various tracks of these lines of road. Of course these things must be ruinous to the trade of Ballymena, and we wonder that the intelligent Protestant and Presbyterian traders and shopkeepers of that town do not (for their own interests at least) make some movement for the suppression of this Orange ruffianism. Orangeism is the lingering curse of Ulster; wherever it flourishes there is outrage and disturbance. When will all honest citizens, of every creed, unite for the extinction of this pest of society and civilization?—*Reporter of the Northern Whig.*

The deputation appointed by the Roman Catholic workingmen of Belfast assembled in the Victoria Hotel, Waring street, for the purpose of presenting Denis Holland, Esq., editor of the *Ulsterman* newspaper, with an address and a purse containing 100 sovereigns, as a recognition of his valuable labors on their behalf. The room was crowded by a most respectable assemblage. Mr. Holland, on entering the room, was received with loud applause. The address, which was read by Mr. Hugh Byrne, was a lengthened recapitulation of Mr. Holland's ability and services as a public writer, and assured him that they fully recognized the difficulties with which he had had to contend. With their best wishes for his future happiness, the address prayed his acceptance of a purse of 100 sovereigns. The presentation was made amid loud cheers, and the applause was renewed when Mr. Holland rose to reply, which he did with much taste and warmth of feeling, reciprocating the kind expressions used by those on whose behalf the deputation appeared. He spoke of the difficulties which had beset his path when, five years ago, he became connected with them, and acknowledged the uniform assistance he had since received from his friends in Belfast. —*Northern Whig.*

A firm in Belfast who lately advertised for a minor clerk, salary £40 a year, received no fewer than 54 applications for the situation—a very significant indication of the redundant supply of labor in that line, as well as the very inadequate demand for it.

We are happy to say that in commercial circles the Fourth passed off well in Belfast. All bills were paid in the different banking establishments; in fact, even in prosperous times there has seldom been a bill-day on which there was more promptitude in payments.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Armagh.

A splendid specimen of an otter was shot at the Callan River, near this city, by Mr. Anderson, of Callan street. The animal measures three feet seven inches, which is somewhat beyond the average length of the Irish species. Bishop Heber mentions that the Indian fishermen not only domesticate the Asiatic species, but teach it to be useful in fishing. We have always acted differently, for it is in the memory of persons still living when the Grand Juries made a presentment of £5 or upwards for the capture of each individual otter. The one just taken is worthy of a place in our Local Museum. Mr. Anderson watched it for the greater part of the evening and night before he succeeded in shooting it.—*Guardian.*

Carlow.

A young man, named Patrick Hughes, residing at Ballygivan, near Milford, met with a melancholy accident while out shooting a few days since, whereby, it is probable, he may lose several of his fingers, by the explosion of a gun. It appears that Hughes, when crossing a hedge, incautiously held a gun, which, at the time, was at full cock, by the muzzle, and the trigger having unfortunately become entangled with some twigs, the charge went off, shattering three fingers of his right hand. The young man was soon after attended to by Drs. Rawson and O'Meara, and it is thought the injured fingers will require amputation in order to prevent further consequences.—*Sentinel.*

Some evil disposed persons killed one of the swans belonging to John Alexander, Esq., M.P., on the River Barrow. The bird was found dead in the back-drain below Leighlinbridge. Mr. Alexander has offered a reward for the discovery of the offender.—*Ibid.*

A fire broke out in a thatched cabin in Nurney, which would have extended itself to the entire range but for the timely arrival of the police, who succeeded in extinguishing the flames.—*Ibid.*

Sixteen sheep were stolen from a farmer named Furlong, residing at Ballywilliam. They were traced to Bagenalstown, and it is supposed that they were sent by train to Dublin.—*Ibid.*

Clare.

A canoe, containing two of the foot artillery of Scattery Island Fort, near the mouth of the Shannon, and a boatman belonging to the locality, was upset by a sudden squall in the channel between Scattery Island and Kilrush. The body of the boatman is said to have been found, but those of the soldiers were not.

Cork.

The influx of foreign vessels, chiefly laden with grain, and intended either for discharge at this port, or to await orders for some part of England, has been so large during the past week, that the number of sail now in Queenstown and Passage exceeds any that has been seen since the time of the old French war, when the great convoys used to assemble in our waters. In Passage-reach there are forty-five vessels discharging corn consigned to Cork merchants, and the number of vessels in Queenstown does not fall far short of four hundred, most of which are foreigners. In the present anomalous state of trade, it would be absurd to speculate upon the probable ultimate effect this apparent glut of corn may have upon the markets, but we allude to the smaller question of the advantage it will prove to the towns of Queenstown and Passage.—*Examiner.*

The jingle drivers of Cork continue stern in their determination not to drive on Sunday.

Dublin.

The Royal Commissioners have replied to Dr. Cullen in a rather curt note. They cannot, they say, enter into any controversy with respect to duties imposed on them by her Majesty; but they profess the strictest impartiality, and allege, that after a minute investigation of the several cases brought forward, they are fully satisfied that this principle of strict impartiality has in no instance been departed from, either by the Royal Commission or by their executive committee or agents. They promise a full explanation in a report now in preparation for presentation to her Majesty. Some observations addressed by Dr. Cullen to the Commissioners have also been published. They merely give in a condensed form the substance of the letter to Lord St. Leonards, which we have inserted at length.—*Tablet.*

Property to the amount of £50,000 has recently changed hands before Mr. Commissioner Hargreave in the Incumbered Estates Court. The rates of purchase were pretty much the same as those which have ruled the marketable value of land for some few years past. The estates were situate in Mayo, Galway, Longford, and Cork counties.

Isaac Butt, Esq., Q.C., M.P., has been elected a Vice-President of the College Historical Society.

The Bursar of Trinity College receives in salaries and fees £2,150 a year.

Kilkenny.

A valuable horse belonging to the Rev. Mr. Stephenson, rector of Callen, broke his jaw by some means which have not been discovered; the poor animal was found in the stable next morning with his jaw hanging from him. As the Rev. Mr. Stephenson was about to get the horse shot, Mr. Prendergast, veterinary surgeon, undertook, hopeless as the case seemed, to cure the broken jaw and save the poor animal. Mr. Prendergast set to work, and took away a large portion of the horse's lower jaw containing several teeth. We have seen the portion abstracted and the operation was truly wonderful. The horse is now, after a few days' treatment, able to eat as usual, and is in every way as sound and as valuable as ever.—*Journal.*

King's County.

A correspondent of the *Daily Express* states that an attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Denis Egan, Brooklawn, near Dunkerin, whilst that gentleman was on his way to Dunkerin chapel. Three men, one of whom presented a pistol, attacked Mr Egan, who received three cuts on the head, but the wounds are stated not to be of a serious character. A man named Breen has been taken into custody, and identified as one of the party.

Limerick.

A party of eight armed men attacked the house of Michael Egan, near Mount Bolus, in this county, and succeeded in forcibly carrying away his daughter. Egan was absent in Dublin, and this circumstance was probably known to the party, who are from near Tullamore. The young woman has a fortune of £300, and she has since been married to a young man named Maher, from Eglish. On the same night a gang of seven men entered the dwelling house of Paul Connolly, at Ballyrowan, and left him minus his gun.—*Reporter.*

Constable Thomas Kearns arrested Michael Tuohy, charged with the murder of Mary Meara, in Silver street, Nenagh, in the year 1855. This man evaded the vigilance of the police for over the period of two years, until he was detected by this active and intelligent constable in Liverpool.—*Ibid.*

Captain Hawkins, commanding the Royal Engineers in this garison, is selected as commissioner for arranging the disputed boundaries between the United States and Canada.—*Chronicle.*

Louth.

As a young man named Finegan, in the employment of P. M. O'Hanlon, Esq., of Baltrasna, was returning from Dunleer with a load of iron for the Ardee convent, when near his master's residence the horse became restive. Finegan had got hold of the horse, who, it appears, bolted, and knocked him down with the shaft of the cart, when the vehicle, with its load, passed over his body. Dr. Moore, of Ardee, was promptly sent for, but the unfortunate man was beyond the power of medical aid.

A general feeling of regret pervaded Drogheda upon learning that Mr. Denis Dunne, master of the Agnes, of Preston, the property of J. & F. Chadwick, Esqrs., of Drogheda, was washed overboard in the gale while the vessel was on her way from Preston to that town laden with coals. Mr. Dunne was a remarkable steady man, and always gave general satisfaction to his employers.. He has left a wife and a number of small children.

A large number of unemployed weavers in Drogheda having applied for outdoor relief, with their families, the guardians of the workhouse applied to the Poor Law Commissioners, who have refused this kind of assistance because the workhouse has "ample accommodation." Some excitement among the workmen is the result, but no breaches of the peace have occurred.

There were, according to the last report, 277 pauper inmates in the Dundalk workhouse. In Ardee workhouse there is an increase of about twenty-nine, as compared with the number at corresponding date last year. The Drogheda workhouse has of late received a large accession of inmates. There are at present 448 inmates.

Mr. P. Byrne, of Dyer street, Drogheda, was elected by a large majority Mayor of that town for the ensuing year. Mr. Patrick Ternan was the other candidate. It was understood that he did not wish to be proposed for the office.

Mayo.

Five persons, inhabitants of Buffin Island, were fishing for pollock in a boat near the shore, when a sudden squall upset it and four of them were drowned; the fifth, by some extraordinary exertion, managed to bring the boat to shore, but it appears that his sufferings were too great to be overcome, and he was found dead in the boat on the following morning.—*Constitution.*

Roscommon.

The Hon. Edward Crofton, eldest son of Lord Crofton, while hunting with Mr. Goff's hounds, became alarmingly unwell from the rupture of a blood vessel. Hopes of Mr. Crofton's speedy recovery are now confidently entertained.

Tyrone.

It is with regret we announce the death of Dr. M'Niece, of Tullyallen, near Dungannon, who was accidentally drowned on his way home, on the night of Wednesday, the 26th November. He had been out on professional business which detained him to a late hour, and coming home he had to cross by a foot stick over a large stream, which was greatly swollen by the late rains. It seemed he had msssed his footing in crossing, and fell into the water. He was not discovered until the following morning.—*Constitution.*

Waterford.

Sir H. Winston Barron's estates appear for sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, amounting to £1,540 yearly, and upon which sums amounting to £33,000 are stated to be a charge. These estates, we understand, were purchased not long since by Sir H. W. Barron for a sum of £40,000, and the charges upon them affected the former owner. Sir Henry's paternal estates in this county, amounting to about £3,000 per annum, are not affected by the present proceedings, which arise out of a litigated demand.—*News.*

The extensive milling concerns, at Pilltown, county Waterford, near Youghal, the property of Mr. Peter Fisher, were totally burned down.

Wexford.

On the 3d December, a small boat containing six men was seen making for the west end of the Great Saltee Island. A heavy sea struck, and capsized her, when quite close to the land. On the boat righting only one of the crew remained, and was soon drifted towards the Ballyteigue beach, where on the following morning was found the stern of a boat, bearing Daniel M'Kinnon, painted on the inside in yellow letters. It is supposed that some vessel foundered off the Coneybeg, and that her crew, taking to the boat, were thus lost. During a heavy fog on Sunday morning, the large ship Melbourne, from Quebec for Liverpool, got embayed off Ballyteigue. When quite close to the shore, she was boarded by the active crew of the life boat belonging to Edward Meadows, and safely piloted through the sound, for which service the master of the ship handsomely remunerated the boat's crew.—*Independent.*

DR. CAHILL AT BALEERIN, NEAR GARVAGH, CO. DERRY.

On the 22d Nov. the commodious chapel of Baleerin was crowded to a state of suffocation from an early hour, every one striving to occupy the nearest spot to the altar, from which that gifted divine, Dr. Cahill, was to preach.

Mass was commenced at half-past eleven, by the Rev. Mr. O'Loughlin, the respected curate of Errigal; after which the Doctor ascended the altar and delivered one of the most powerful and convincing controversial lectures I have ever heard or read, on the Real Presence in the Eucharist. The lecturer continued for two hours and a half, and if I had not seen, by a good timekeeper, the hour at which the preacher had commenced and ended his sermon, I could scarcely believe that one hour had elapsed. Oh, how much I could wish that all my Protestant friends had been listening to the immortal Cahill while he showed, as clearly as anything that could be conceived, the awful absurdity of those who reject the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, because they can't understand it. According to the absurdity of those unfortuna te people, the doctrine of the creation of the world out of nothing, the omnipotence and omnipresence of God must be also rejected by them, for they can't account for or understand any of those doctrines, more than the dogma of the Real Presence in the Eucharist.

If crazy Carson, of Coleraine, had been listening to the Doctor's plain but incontrovertible proof of the Real Presence, he would see the silliness of his remarks about poisoning the Host and killing the priest that would receive it when poisoned. The manner in which Christ is really present under the sacramental veil was simply shown by examples taken from the various modes in which some of the most common articles of daily use can exist. During his admirable discourse Doctor Cahill instructed his audience in some of the most important and practical doctrines of our holy religion, and whilst engaged in those digressions his eloquence was truly astonishing. Would to God that all those poor ill-fated Catholics who retain the name but neglect the practice of the Catholic religion, were listening to this extraordinary advocate of his creed and of his country, whilst he clearly proved that those who neglect to go to confession and communion are Catholics only in name but Pagans in reality.

Within the sanctury were seated, during the sermon, the Rev. D. Toland, P.P., Errigal; Rev. Charles O'Flanagan, P.P., Coleraine; Rev. P. Campbell, C.C., Banagher; Rev. J. O'Loughlin, C.C., Errigal; with several others whose names we disremember.

After the sermon, the Rev. Mr. Toland read letters and announced the subscriptions of several gentlemen, clerical and lay, who could not attend. A general collection was then taken up, and if the parishioners, who ought to be most intrested in the matter, but who are the most economical people in the diocese of Derry, had paid as generously as some Protestants and a large number of Catholics from other parishes, the collection would be double the sum received.

A large party of clerical and lay gentlemen had the very great pleasure of dining in the evening with the Very Rev. Doctor, at Father Toland's hospitable home. Amongst the lay gentlemen were Dr. M'Fall, Mr. Fisher, a Presbyterian gentleman, Garvagh; Messrs. John and Peter Mullen, Park; Mr. Charles

O'Hagan, Glenmuller; Mr. D. O'Kane, Garvagh; and several others. The shortness of the day and the darkness of the night prevented many who had been invited to dine with the Doctor from enjoying the very great happiness they would have felt in his society.—*Cor. of Dublin Telegraph.*

PASTORAL OF THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

The following pastoral from the Right Rev. Dr. Goss was read in all the Liverpool chapels on Sunday, the 6th December, recommending a subscription for the erection of a new church in the Isle of Man, where there is only one at present:

Men do not usually forget the claims of kindred; but they are slow to recognize the obligation of any other claims. Yet if property—be it great or small, hereditary or acquired—has its duties as well as its rights, it must be obligatory on the holders of such property to discharge those duties according to the spirit of the laws of God and the Church. Charity, however, is capricious, and will oftentimes close its hand to urgent appeals at home, whilst it opens it generously and gives profusely to less pressing needs at a distance. It is human nature, as the philosophic historian of Rome (Tacitus) remarks, to glorify what is unknown; and hence descriptions of distant wonders, and the record of unseen sorrows, will interest the curiosity or awaken the sympathy of the most listless. The ear is charmed with tales of other lands, and the heart is moved with the recital of absent woes. This feeling yearly leads hundreds and thousands of our countrymen from our own shores to travel in foreign lands. Closing their eyes to the beauty of their own lanes, and woods, and fields, and forgetful of the charms of their own lakes, and mountains, and valleys, they hurry away in the pursuit of pastime and pleasure to the exciting but not more pleasing varieties of foreign travel.

The heart as well as the eye shares the general delusion. Indifferent to the sorrows that are breaking many an aching heart within sight of our own doors, we look abroad for objects of sympathy and commiseration. England finds a home abounding with comforts and luxuries for foreign assassins and revolutionists, while her own poor are perishing on their desolate hearths for want of the bare necessaries of life. The kindest sympathy is expressed for the blood-stained exiles of Cayenne, whilst there is no pity for the Irish or the Highlander, driven from their wrecked cabins to seek a home in a foreign land, which is denied them in their own. Tears are shed over the exiles of Siberia and the wonderings of Evangeline, whilst men behold with dry eyes thousands of exiles, each with his own sad tale of sorrow, yearly leaving our shores for America or Australia.

Thousands of pounds are yearly subscribed by our benevolent countrymen for the distribution of Bibles and the conversion of the heathen, whilst at our own doors, in agricultural as well as manufacturing districts, hundreds are living, who practically disbelieve in the existence of God; who have never heard that Our Blessed Lord died on a cross for the redemption of a fallen world; and who have never learnt that there is a future state of rewards and punishments. Distance, no doubt, lends enchantment to the view, and their sympathies are more keenly awakened by the spiritual destitution of the inhabitants of southern climes, where grow the mangrove and banana, than of the rough and less poetic operatives at home, who toil at the forge, the mill, and the plough. Men would sooner scratch their names on the great pyramid of Egypt than engrave them in the hearts of the suffering poor.

Even Saints have shared the common enthusiasm. When Europe rang with the news of all that had been done in the Indies for the Christian faith, the heart of St. Philip Neri caught fire at the prospect of a life of toil and trouble, amidst deserts, and forests, and stormy seas, with the chance of shedding his blood for Christ's sake by a glorious martyrdom. Philip, however, was not a man to come to any grave decision without first seeking the will of God by prayer and counsel. He repaired, therefore, to the lonely monastery of the Three Fountains, hallowed by the blood of St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, and sought the advice of the Prior Ghettini, a man famous for his sanctity and supernatural gifts. The man of God took time to consider. And when Philip returned after some days to receive his answer, the holy Monk, admonished by a vision from St. John the Evangelist, to whom he had a special devotion, stretched his hand across the waste Campagna in the direction of Rome, and said: "There is the city of thy adoption, and not amidst the heathen does thy work lie." Philip bowed his head in submission to the will of God, and lived, and toiled, and died in Rome.

Take this advice to yourselves; do for the diocese of Liverpool what St. Philip did for Rome; let it, henceforth, according to its necessities, be the field of your charities; for, if it possesses great resources in the number and Catholicity of its people, its wants and requirements are also great. We have numerous churches and schools, but they are embarrassed with heavy liabilities, to meet which taxes the energy and ingenuity of the Incumbents almost beyond human endurance; and we cannot but regret that time and labor, which ought to be expended on the spiritual wants of the people, are sacrificed to enable the Priest to buy bread, and save himself from a debtor's gaol. Notwithstanding our many churches, religion has not yet been brought sufficiently home to the people; and in spite of our well-appointed schools, there is still a great population of children running free on the streets.

Ever roving about in quest of food or amusement, they are ready for any adventure, and fall an easy prey to the temptations afforded by the traffic of large towns, and the careless way in which goods are left without adequate protection. We have no local diocesan reformatory; but we have secured, by a loan of £2,000, accommodation for 200 boys. Through the generosity of the managers of Arno's Court, for which some compensation will have to be made, we have hitherto had accommodation for such as have been commited. But this accommodation is limited, and the time is at hand when we shall be compelled to provide a reformatory for girls in our own diocese, as under the operation of new laws the number of committals must seriously increase. Fortunately, we have a humane as well as an impartial magistrate, who, knowing the influence of religion in the reformation of crime, has consigned to our reformatories the Catholic youth committed by him from Liverpool, which is the greatest sink of iniquity in our diocese.

The number of unfortunate females who have lost their virtue and infest our streets, gaining a precarious livelihood by the wages of prostitution, is greatly on the increase. In the year 1853 they did not number 2,000 in Liverpool, whereas in the October of last year they had reached the enormous number of 2,318. Many of these are Catholics, and are anxious to abandon their way of life; but, as yet, we have no asylum to receive them, no home in which they may dwell till they can regain a footing in society, no house of penance in which they may atone for their sins, and seek a reconciliation with God.

We have neither hospitals, nor almshouses, nor ragged schools, nor houses of refuge, to supply the Catholic wants of our large towns. A home for emigrants, too, would be a great blessing in Liverpool, for they are subjected to hardships, imposition, and robbery, in spite of the vigilance of an active police. Thousands, even hundreds of thousands from Ireland and the German states, annually leave our port for America or Australia. They have need of a secure home during their temporary sojourn, both to rescue them from the hands of thieves and to give them an opportunity of frequenting the Sacraments before encountering the perils of the deep.

P.S.—If necessary, we purpose having a collection at the close of the war for the orphans of the Catholic soldiers who may fall in battle; for recent disclosures have led us to distrust the shameless bigotry and bashful justice of the administrators of patriotic funds.

THE NEWS FROM OUDE.

Pale faces, and panic once more in Cannon Row. Right gallantly holds its own in India. The Government are in receipt of secret intelligence of a most disastrous nature, which they will not—dare not—publish. Oude is up to a man. Never in all history has there been such a spectacle of a whole kingdom rising *en masse*, for its ancient laws and rightful King. Havelock is surrounded by 70,000 men; he is unable to fly, and to fight is to fall; his provisions are almost gone, and the Artillery bullocks were being used as food. Desperate sorties in which the British were invariably routed with awful slaughter; Outram wounded, if not killed. Such is all that has, despite Government suppression, leaked out, as usual, three days in the rear of their cooked despatch. But, it is not what has been told of the news that has sent dismay with electric rapidity through the ranks of those who, yesterday, gnashed their teeth and howled of "smashed back bones," and millions of plunder. It is the awful and infallible certainty, that behind the brief message lies a record of disaster, which would send a thrill of terror through the length and breadth of England, were it known.

There is terrible work in India; not the horror-scenes of revolt; not the fearful massacres that marked the first wild bound of the slaves who burst their chains; but the deadly bloody struggle where swords are crossed between foes who give and claim no quarter; between fierce and ruthless invaders brought to bay, and men who have risen to make one final, glorious effort for liberty. There in the heart of Oude, in a corner of its capital, a small band of foreigners are leaguered by the mustering thousands of the land, who feel that this struggle is their last hope of freedom. Both parties fight with a fearful, deadly desperation; for both know full well that now, and here, a decisive blow must be struck. The foreigners have the advantage in position, the natives in numbers; the former are behind strong bastions, and are brave even as Pizzaro's robber-heroes were brave. But stone walls cannot shut out a conqueror who has made many a stronger citadel succumb—*famine* is at the gates. Cooped up within the defences, that are at once their prison and their safety, they daily strain the anxious eye for succor. Close by at Alumbah are food and reinforcements, but between them and these are the vengeful thousands, who know how much depends on keeping them asunder. Vainly Outram strives to break through that living barrier; at every sortie the cross of St. George goes down beneath the wild cry of victory from the Indian ranks. Murderous conflicts end daily in fearful havoc of the British; the Indians literally mow them down. It is the vagueness—the ominous silence—of the government on this point, that is eloquent of defeat. The public long since noted that every skirmish was magnified into a victory—often even when it was a defeat; and now they know, but too well, what is meant by the announcement of bloody struggles, in which Outram himself is wounded, if not killed—but yet no word of victory. The plain fact is, that Havelock and Outram are in their death-trap, out of which they have been struggling fiercely, but vainly, to escape, and if reinforcements have not been poured across the frontier into Oude, the fate long since apprehended for the foreign garrison in Lucknow has overtaken them ere now. But it is to be borne in mind that, even if reinforcements arrived, the Native Army was in force enough to give them battle. We may expect to hear by the next mail that the Maharajah and Sir Colin have measured swords; with what result we may not say for still—still we wait to see the hand of a general in the Oude affairs; a Bosquet or MacMahon at the head of that magnificent army would sweep the fillibusters off the face of the land.

Oude, evidently, will be the battlefield of the whole campaign; and however there may have been found excuses for the British cause in other parts of the peninsula, where their "annexation," as they call it, was of remoter date, here, at least, it must be conceded that the Native cause has every feature ever held to consecrate a struggle and mark it righteous before God and man. Here it cannot be said that "the people are with us" or "are not against us." "*Every landholder in Southern Oude, except one, is up in arms,*" confess the British. What more could be said if a Russian Army were ravaging Kent? What stronger proof could be supplied of the character of the struggle now waging in Oude?

Less than two years ago a "friendly" army marched into this same city of Lucknow; they were English: "We are allies," said they to the King to whom they owed three millions of money, which he lent them in the hour of their need. They now, in the hour of their power, came to repay him, by—treacherously entering his capital as "friends," then seizing his crown and kingdom! "No hand was raised against us," said the invaders, to blind the world to the infamy of the act and suggest that the people acquiesced in the treacherous deed. To-day that audacious boast has its answer: "Every landholder in Southern Oude is up in arms against us." Yes; their King is in misfortune—in exile—in chains; but his people are true to him with a fidelity and loyalty which Stuart or Bourbon never knew. They elect his little son as ruler for his father; they pay him allegiance, they organize the country for internal order and security, and rise in arms "to a man" for its liberation and defence. When Rolla's name is execrated, these men may be denounced; when Hofer's hardy mountaineers are branded with disgrace—when we are shocked at their "atrocity" in hurling rocks on the invaders—then, but not till then, will all who love truth and justice withhold their sympathy from the faithful hearts who surround that little child upon his exiled father's Throne.

In Oude, then the fight is going against the British, and elsewhere the Rebellion daily strengthens. The news from these points is best given in the words of the British themselves: "As we told our readers on the 22nd inst. (ult.)," says the Bengal *Hurkaru*, "the Rebellion is by no means put down, *neither are these rebels showing the smallest signs of being disheartened.* They are still threatening our forces at all the principal points in Bengal and the North West." The murmur of a European War now would be the knell of the Empire!

LETTER FROM TERENCE BELLEW M'MANUS.—In a letter addressed by Terence Bellew M'Manus to J. F. Maguire, M. P., dated San Francisco, Oct. 19th, he says: "From the general tone of the Irish press, and from other sources, I perceive that a movement is on foot for the purpose of inducing the British government to extend to us ('three of the Irish traitors to British rule in Ireland') a pardon—viz.: Mitchel, Meagher and myself. As far as I am concerned, I beg to be excluded from any participation in that movement. I do so for two reasons—first, I desire to place myself under no obligation, either acknowledged or implied, to a government that I believe to be foreign to the spirit, the genius, and the liberty of my native land; secondly, I am now a citizen of the United States, and feel the proud confidence, that every citizen of this republic feels that wherever her flag floats, he is sure of protection. In pursuance of this feeling I shall, at any time it suits my convenience, visit either England, Ireland, France, Germany, or Australia, and in the ordinary and lawful pursuit of life feel myself perfectly secure under the protection of the flag to which I have sworn allegiance."

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

December 4, in St. George's Church, Dublin, Joseph Walker, Esq., of Bellefield, Shinrone, to Margaret, daughter of the late J. Dawson Esq., of Annamartin, county Monaghan.

December 5, in St. Peter's Church, Joseph, son of the late John Kennedy, Esq., of Cork, to Amelia, daughter of John Macdowel, Esq., of Marelton, county Wicklow.

December 9, in St. Peter's Church, George Cronyn, Esq., M.D., of Callan, county Kilkenny, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Carey, Esq., of Hatch street.

December 8, at Rathfarnham Church, Robert Baker Harvey, Esq., of Clonmel, to Marianne, daughter of the late William Stephenson, of Middle Gardiner street, Dublin.

November 26, D. T. Tracey, Esq., of Rathmines, county Dublin, to Adeline Marianne, daughter of Chas. Morine, Esq., of York.

November 28, at Queenstown, J. B. O'Hea, Esq., Lieutenant in the 25th King's Own Borderers, to Anne Mary, daughter of Justin S. M'Carthy, Esq., of Carrignafoy, county Cork.

December 1, in Cork, Robert Day, of Summer Cottage, to Rebecca, daughter of Robert Scott, of St. Patrick's place.

December 2, at Ullard, Theophilus Little, Esq., of Donningstown, co. Kilkenny, to Elizabeth, daughter of George Whitney, Esq., of Ballyliae House, county Carlow.

December 2, in Cashel, Alfred Wright, Esq., Captain in the 31st regiment, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Austin Cooper, of Kilmore House, county Tipperary.

DEATHS.

November 5, at Port of Spain, Trinidad, Frederick Stafford, son of the late Brabazon Stafford, Esq., of Dublin.

December 3, at Mespil Parade, Harriet Allen, relict of the Rev. Alleyn Evanson, Four-mile-Water, county Cork.

December 4, at his residence, 20 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Dr. Rooney, universally regretted.

December 4, at 25 Pembroke place, Anne, the beloved wife of Robert Power, Esq., deeply regretted.

December 6, at 65 Lower Dominick street, in the 31st year of his age, Surgeon Kirby, son of the late James Kirby, Esq., of Monard, county Tipperary.

December 5, in Merrion square, aged 72 years, J. Vance, Esq.

December 7, at 46 Upper Leeson street, in the 84th year of his age, Joseph Woodroffe, Esq., solicitor.

December 8, at his residence, 25 James's street, Joseph Langan, Esq., aged 58 years.

December 8, Mary, wife of Mr. Martin Walsh, Camac place.

December 1, at Rathmines, William Cullen, Esq.

December 4, at Rathmines road, Mr. J. Cooper, aged 52 years.

December 5, at Clonmell, Glasnevin, Mr. John Reilly, universally respected.

December 8, at Blackrock, Mary, relict of Mr. Edward Brock.

December 9, at Seapark House, Malahide, Rosanna, wife of John Killen, Esq., aged 41 years.

November 28, after a long and painful illness, John Crotty, Esq., of Roscrea.

November 29, at Youghal, Lieutenant W. T. Sterne, of the Royal Navy, son of Lieutenant William Sterne, commanding the coast guard.

November 30, at Oulart, county Wexford, aged 96 years, Mrs. O'Farrell, mother of the Rev. Timothy O'Farrell, parish priest of that parish.

December 1, at Huntington, in the Queen's County, Jane Deborah, wife of Colonel Chidley Coote.

December 2, at Sallow Park, in the county of Roscommon, Catherine, wife of Edward Byrne, Esq.

December 2, at Emla, county Roscommon, Louis Ormsby, Esq., for many years one of the coroners of that county.

December 3, at Queenstown, Ralph M. Smith, Esq., son of the late John Montague Smith, of Cork.

December 3, in Cork, Mary, wife of Daniel Mahony, Esq.

December 3, in Ardee, Mr. Henry M'Gee.

At Coromannon, county Armagh, at the very advanced age of 105 years, Mrs. Catherine Magee, mother of Patrick Magee, Esq., of Liverpool.

December 4, suddenly, of disease of the heart, Edmund Getty, Esq., secretary to the Belfast Harbor Commissioners.

December 5, at Kinvara, county Clare, after a protracted illness, Alfred, son of William Joseph Skerritt, aged eleven years.

December 5, Mr. Patrick Wall, brother of the late Rev. Mr. Wall, parish priest of Powerstown, county Tipperary.

December 6, in Cork, Joseph M'Mullen, Esq., aged 73 years.

December 7, at Glandelane, Fermoy, John Lister, Esq., late of Rathdowney, in the Queen's County.

December 7, at Warrenpoint, Joseph, son of Joseph Fleming, Esq., of Gallana, Monaghan.

December 7, at Togher House, county Louth, at the advanced age of 97 years, Bridget, relict of Patrick Hardman, Esq.

December 8, at his residence, Lady's Chapel, county Kildare, Denis Dunn, Esq., aged 62 years.

November 30, at Hulme, near Manchester, Dean Wallace Hoare, son of the late Vicar General of the diocese of Limerick.

November 27, in London, the Hon. Mrs. Bayly, relict of William Bayly, jun., of Annamult, county Kilkenny.

December 3, at Winslade rectory, near Basingstoke, Hampshire, aged 75 years, Mrs. Lucia O'Brien, third daughter of the late Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., of Dromoland, county Clare.

December 4, at his residence, 2 Eaton-terrace, Leinster-road, Dublin, Mr. William Tighe, who for many years filled a very confidential situation in the establishment of Messrs. Fergus Farrell & Son, Capel st.

December 1, at her residence, 16 Castle avenue, Clontarf, Anne Hannah Amelia, relict of the late Thomas Heron, Esq., surveyor of her Majesty's General Post Office, Ireland.

JOHN BANIM, THE IRISH NOVELIST.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

The suffering of this period caused a periodically recurring brain fever, arising from a spinal disease, which there is little doubt was contracted through exposure to cold on this occasion. He scarcely existed for twelve months. But the cloud passed away, and he wrote:

I saw her, God of goodness great!
I saw her in her winding-sheet;
And I saw her mingle then
With her mother earth again,
I saw her—and I could not save—
Sink into her early grave.

It cannot last. The fever of affliction;
But feeds on thought. And all the balm
Designed by preaching patience for the sufferer's pang
Changes to poison on his parched lip.

Avoid me, Memory, we are friends no more.
It is an awful hour, the midnight moon
Looks from her land of loneliness upon me,
Yet in the silent night I fear no foe,
I fear no stalking spectre as I fear thee, Memory.

Banim—as we have already written—vanquished his grief for his early love, and turned manfully about to face the world. He abandoned art, and devoted himself to letters. He left his father's house, and made his way to Dublin, where he became a contributor to some newspapers. He managed to form some useful acquaintances; still the fight, in those days, was a hard one, at the best. He wrote to his brother:

"DUBLIN, May 18th, 1820.

"MY DEAR MICHAEL:—You speak very gloomily on the uncertainty of my means if I go to London. Don't let your fear affect you so keenly. I have not found a crock of gold, nor has a prize in the lottery turned up for me; but with Heaven's help I shall not want means. No man of ordinary talents wants them in London, with proper conduct and half the introductions I hold. Say I possess no talent, —this you will not say, it would not be what you feel. I have a consciousness of possessing some powers; and situated as I am, it is not vanity to say so. I have health, hope, energy, and good humor, and I trust in the Lord God for the rest. I know not how long I could fast; even this I may be called on to try. I have been the best part of two days without tasting food of late. Often have I gone to whistle for my dinner, and once I walked about the town during the night for the want of a bed. I see you start at this. I can assure you, without affectation, it has amused me, and I thrive on it. I am fatter and better looking than when you saw me. At the present time I am comparatively rich, and go as high as tenpence for my dinner, and a goodly plate of beef and vegetable it is."

This hopeful view of life—a glorious gift to any man—enlivened even the darkest passages of Banim's career. He was cheerful in the shade, and grateful for the shine. When he was introduced to Charles Philips, and this gentleman encouraged him in his poetical efforts, the *protege* forgot his troubles, and saw an unclouded future.

From the removal of Banim to Dublin early in the year 1820 properly dates his literary career, and it was an advantage to him that he was already known to several persons who could submit his performances to the publishers. Still we are told his life in Dublin was a disheartening one. His first published poem was entitled "Ossian's Paradise," which title was afterwards changed by the advice of Richard Lalor Sheil, and was dedicated by permission to Lord Cloncurry.

This was a a very unequal performance, yet it obtained for the poet some twenty pounds in cash, with a prospective ten pounds on its reaching a second edition. To Sheil, more than any man, Banim was indebted for his after good fortune, for it was the late member for Dungarvan that introduced him to Macready, then manager of the Covent Garden, and "Damon and Pythias" was produced under the auspices of that leading actor on the 28th of May, 1821, the author being in his twenty-fourth year. This play was successful.

Banim is now fairly settled in London. During a temporary sojourn at his father's he formed the design of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family." Not the least of John Banim's advantages was the friendship of his brother Michael, who kept him closely, by judicious advice and encouragement, to the prosecution of this design. It is somewhat singular that this book should be so scant in its account of Banim's literary acquaintances in London. With one or two exceptions, no notice is taken of men who are known to have been intimate with him. Gerald Griffin, indeed, occupies much of the biographer's attention, but others that could be named equally deserving of mention are altogether passed over. Our space will not allow us to give the history of Banim's literary undertakings. His next dramatic performances were "The Prodigal," a drama, and "Sylla," a tragedy, but neither of them obtained the celebrity of that from which we have already quoted. Works of fiction came from the brothers O'Hara with amazing rapidity. Arnold, of the English Opera House, was one of Banim's most steadfast friends. But one of the most charming traits in John Banim's character was his unceasing fondness for his mother—no devotee ever paid a purer fervor to his patron saint. The mother on her side would sit before the portrait of her famous boy—this portrait was painted by the lad himself during his first study of art—she would kneel before it at her prayers, and tears of gratitude would stream down her aged face as she thought of his struggles and his triumph. One of the sorest afflictions of Banim's life was his compulsory absence from his mother's death bed. As politicians the brothers O'Hara inclined towards conciliation. We are of the opinion of Mr. Murray that these authors placed the national character in its proper niche in the temple of fame. Unquestionably they painted magnificent pictures of their country and countrymen, they were, as literary portraits, like those of Sir Walter Scott. One thing may be said of John Banim, in sickness and disappointment he was persevering, and amidst the many mental disturbances to which his sad affliction rather than his personal sorrows gave rise, he preserved in all that goodness of heart, that love of home affections and home scenes, that charity that endureth to the end. Here is a charming description of the abode which he would select in which to pass his future life. It is exceedingly beautiful:

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster-clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

It was decreed, however, that he should undergo a long period of suffering before he found rest from his labors and his affliction. He married at a very early period in his literary career, so that the responsibilities of a family were added to his other cares. The pains which had well nigh overcome him upon the sad occasion to which we have already referred, returned now at regular intervals, and with dreadful intensity. The doctor's bill outsped that of the baker. He was advised to retire to the south coast, then to Paris, where he was entertained in the first literary circles. Here he underwent several severe operations, which ended in his losing the entire use of his legs, which merely hung from his body, and had afterwards to be swathed with flannels, lest their icy coldness should extinguish the spark of life and mind that still burnt brilliantly in the upper part. It was in this extremity that he called for assistance, which call was certainly well and speedily responded to. Amongst the first to send succor were the Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Mulgrave, and Lord Lieutenant the Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth; and, strange to say, the name of Sir Robert Peel, to whom he was opposed in politics, figures for a large subscription. His countrymen of every class subscribed liberally. Though yet young in years, his hair had become grey and his body emaciated. He retired to a little cottage on the Nore, where he employed his leisure moments cultivating his flowers and writing fugitive pieces of poetry, but the mind, though still clear, had lost much of its wonted vigor. To the last he was constant to his early home affections. He never lost the generous warmth of heart which was his early characteristic. He was tended in these days of helplessness by his daughter, a beautiful child, upon whom he now lavished every tenderness, and the good brother, who was the partner of his labors, and who still survives. A pretty story is told of a rose, upon the cultivation of which he bestowed especial care. Dying in 1842, his child planted this rose at the foot of his grave. This was the first tribute ever paid to his memory.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

A PICTURE OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.—Take any day of Australian life. You come home after a hard, dusty day's work, and you long for a quiet evening with your wife and children. When you sit down to dinner, which your wife has had to cook, and your children to prepare for, you see the partner of your domestic joys with a face (from mosquito bites) like a pottle of prize strawberries, a pleasant object to contemplate of an evening. During your dinner you are tormented with flies; your very slice of roast mutton on your plate, before you have time to dispose of it, is blown by the yellow bottle full of live maggots—you push your plate away sick and disgusted—you pour out and drink half your pale ale, and in a moment your glass is crammed with ten thousand debauched flies, who die in drunken happiness. You call in your children; they come, looking squalid, pale, and jaded; no rosy cheeks here—you help your wife to put away the things, and then sit down with flies, and mosquitoes, a mottle-faced wife, irritable children, and your own pleasant reflections. You may have made a very fortunate speculation that day; but it takes a vast amount of money to compensate you for so much domestic misery. When you retire to bed it will be only to a second torture, and you will pass a restless, feverish, sleepless night; your children will cry and call for mamma half the night long; and you will get up to another day of speculation, gain or loss, a jaded wife, tired children, and thorough discomfort.

LEANNESS OR DEATH.—A tailor, of the Fauburg St. Denis, some time ago became extraordinarily fat, and from the jokes made on him by his friends he became afraid that he should die by apoplexy. This fear created after a while such a profound impression on him that he was completely absorbed by it, and he spent all his time in studying medical books which treated of apoplexy. At length, strange to say, the dread or dying suddenly so affected his mind that he resolved to commit suicide, and accordingly he cut his throat with a razor, but as that did not cause immediate death, he flung himself from the window of his room on the fourth story, and was killed on the spot.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND SISMONDI, THE HISTORIAN.—The Duke of Orleans (afterwards King Louis Philippe) received me (22d April, 1824,) with much politeness, bade me sit down beside him, expressed his regret at the shortness of my stay, and his hope that my next visit would be longer. He then opened at once upon me on the subject of politics; my impressions of France, and the excesses towards which the country was suffering itself to be drawn. I was unwilling to go too far with him in his own direction on these topics, and so did not much encourage the conversation. I remarked however, that, after representing a republic as the opposite extreme to the present system, and equally impracticable, he said that the universal tendency was towards elective chiefs; that Washington, Napoleon, Bolivar, had given examples which would necessarily be followed, and that the time would come when the executive power would become entirely elective, and the principle of hereditary right be abandoned. He then spoke warmly on the abolition of capital punishment—a reform which I think much less important than hundreds of others more urgent. We talked on this matter, on innovations in general, on the causes of increase in crime, on economical questions, on large holdings, on inheritance in equal shares, on forests. His opinions, for the most part, are taken at second hand from the English Whigs, without much examination—I would even say, with little precision, but a good deal of confidence. I do not think him a man of distinguished intellect, but his conversation is easy and tolerably brilliant, which is saying a good deal for a prince.—*Fragments of Sismondi's Diary.*

HOW THE STORY OF "THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO" WAS SUGGESTED.—When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland all in white in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of the romance? I waked, one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled, like mine, with Gothic story,) and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening, I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about 6 o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle paragraph.—*Walpole's Letters.*

TREASURE FOUND IN AN OLD HOUSE.—There was discovered recently in an old house in the Rue des Carmes, belonging to the city of Paris, a considerable amount of treasure. A bricklayer having been sent for to repair a chimney, found himself obliged, in order to get at his work, to move an old bureau, which had not been used for a long while. Happening to open it, he found at the bottom nine bags of money. Some of the bags contained seven, and others eight thousand livres in crown pieces, of six livres each. They were all coins of Louis XIV., and dated 1791. All the bags were tied up with string and sealed. Two of them were directed to the Bishop of Glandeve, and four to M. Ducros, vicar of Saint Jaques du Haut-Pas. Both these persons being dead, the money will be divided, according to law, between the owners of the house (which here is the city of Paris) and the workmen who found it. The occupying tenant is not entitled to any part of it. This discovery has occasioned great sensation in the neighborhood, and people have been busy searching cellars, old furniture, and all sorts of holes and corners, in the vague hope of finding more treasure.

A DRUNKEN BRIDEGROOM.—Soon after the Prince of Wales' real bona fide marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, George III. insisted on his leading Caroline of Brunswick to the hymenial altar. The royal mandate durst not be disobeyed. The Prince fell into a state of extreme agitation at the news, but resolved to get through the ceremony "like a brick," nevertheless. The following extract from a letter of the Duke of Bedford, dated August 8, 1836, and referring to this bigamous marriage, is curious: "My brother was one of two unmarried Dukes, who supported the Prince at the ceremony, and he had need of his support; for my brother told me the prince was so drunk that he could scarcely support him from falling. He told my brother he had drunk several glasses of brandy to enable him to get through the ceremony."—*Lord Holland's Recollections.*

MINING NEAR THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.—The Cwmdyle mine, near the summit of Snowdon, which has for several years been unsuccessfully worked, and which has lately been purchased by a company of local shareholders, is now likely to turn out a profitable speculation, a lode of copper of several feet in thickness having been discovered, and working to advantage, and the engineers being satisfied that a similar lode extends in another direction.—*North Wales Chronicle.*

THE L'ANGELIER FUND.—The sum of £89 9s. 3d. has been remitted to the mother of the ill-fated L'Angelier, as the result of the subscription entered into by a few friends on her behalf. Thanks are due to Mr. Pringle for the exertions which he has made to get up this expression of sympathy to an honest and deeply-afflicted woman.—*Glasgow Daily Mail.*

SIBERIAN PEASANTS.—Every family in this region possesses horses, cows, pigs, and often poultry; good milk and cream they always have, but few of them understand how to make good butter. Their gardens will produce almost every kind of vegetable. On the hills is found plenty of wild fruit,—strawberries, red and black currants, bilberries, a wild cherry growing on a small plant, not more than two feet high; and raspbersies,—all having a most delicious flavor. In the mountains there is plenty of game, not protected by game-laws. Each peasant walks off with his rifle, kills either birds or deer, and then returns to his cottage to feast on his spoil. In most of the mountain streams grayling are found in great numbers, and very large pike are caught in the lakes.

FALL OF THE CITADEL AT VINCENNES.—A terrible accident has taken place at Vincennes. Above the gateway of the fortress rose a tall tower, built six hundred years ago. The ground floor was occupied by the guard-house, and the second floor was used as a black-hole. The sentries had just been relieved, on the 28th ult., and eighteen men were lying down on the camp bedsteads in the guard-house, when the roof and ceiling of the tower fell in, burying thirty-two persons in the ruins. Only two men escaped with their lives, one of whom is so desperately wounded, that no hopes of his recovery are entertained. The Emperor, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, went to Vincennes to visit the scene of the catastrophe.

MONUMENT TO FATHER MATHEW.—Mr. Hogan has made a second model for the intended statue, which is a great improvement upon the first. The mass of drapery which concealed most of the lower limbs has been removed, and the whole front figure has been revealed to the spectator. Over the right shoulder, and supported by the extended right arm, the folds of a cloak fall with the most becoming grace. The left arm is slightly retreating, while the head is bent forward, as if the apostle were in the act of urging his mission of mercy upon a crowd beneath. The whole figure is characteristic, and bears an impress of enthusiasm, and deep, earnest feeling.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—The *United Service Gazette* says that an unpleasant affair has occurred at the cavalry depot, Canterbury: "As far as we have been able to gather the facts of the case, two or three subaltern officers, forgetful of the distinctions of rank which it is so important to preserve, invited a non-commissioned officer to their table, which, having come to the knowledge of the commandant, has caused their being placed under arrest."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."—The Chair of History and English Literature in the Cork Queen's College has been conferred upon a Mr. Rushton. The successful candidate is an Englishman. There were several Irish candidates, but they have been all passed over in favor of Rushton.

The *Moniteur* has the following letter from Macao: "We have just received from Tonquin the sad news of the martyrdom of the Spanish Bishop, Mgr. Diaz, arrested on Ascension Eve by the mandarins and their soldiers, in a village which they reduced to ashes; he was thrown into prison, and chained by the feet and neck. After a thousand tortures he was beheaded at Ram Ting on the 20th July. After the execution the earth watered by his blood was turned up, for fear lest the Christians should collect some drops. The body was then paraded through the principal streets, with a great display of troops and elephants, and, being wrapped up in a mat, was flung into the river, and fastened by a rope to a large vessel, which was immediately rowed out to sea. The captain sat by the cord which dragged the remains of the unfortunate Prelate, and threatened the rowers, who were tempted to turn and look behind them. Thus no one could tell when or where the cord was cut, and, in spite of all the seeking of the Tonquin fishermen, the body of the Martyr has not been recovered."

As a laboring man was making an excavation in the court-yard of the Vicomte de Pibrac, at St. Ay, near Orleans, he found a human skeleton, the head of which was separated from the trunk, and placed on the breast. On medical examination the skeleton was declared to be that of a female aged between fifteen and twenty, and to have been buried between sixty and seventy years. The garden belonged from 1741 to 1846 to a family named Poupardin, who then sold it to M. de Pibrac; but there is no tradition in the village of any young girl having mysteriously disappeared. The magistrates of Orleans have decided that it is not necessary to institute any investigation respecting the affair.

A sad event occurred in Paris lately. A duel took place between a young Neapolitan nobleman, Count Catanier, and an officer of the Guides. They fought with small swords, and at the third pass the Count was run through the lungs, and expired in two hours afterwards. The origin of the quarrel was frivolous; it arose out of a dispute at the ball of Cellarius, a fashionable dancing-master, in the Rue Vivienne. Count Catanier and his adversary both claimed the same partner's hand for a polka, and the lady gave the preference to the military man, whereupon Catanier insulted him, and a meeting was appointed.

Unlikely things are sometimes found in out-of-the-way places. A copy of the first folio of Shakspeare's plays (1623) has been met with in a carpenter's workshop near Maidenhead, and is now in proper hands. It seems that it was sold at a country auction many years ago, and bought, with some other books, for a few shillings by the present owner.

The end of M. Eugene Sue was miserable. He died, I think, on the 7th or 9th of August last, I forget which of these dates. For thirty-three hours previous to his demise he was delirious, and during that time uttered no sound but "drink, drink;" but just before his death he said, "I desire to die as I have lived—that is, a free thinker." Poor man! his life was none of the best. His genius, on the whole, was desecrated, yet on his dying bed he had no word of regret over his past life.—*Correspondent of the Falkirk Herald.*

The Scandinavian agitation appears to be gaining ground in Denmark. The party known by the name of the "Friends of the Peasants" hold more frequently open-air meetings, and receive adhesions and addresses. One of the latter, signed by 3,000 inhabitants of the Danish islands, declares that it supports the Scandinavian movement as a means of obtaining the agrarian law—that is to say, the conversion of lands farmed out into free properties.

Sir Maurice Berkeley has had a clearing-out sale of a good deal of the antiquarian lumber of Berkeley Castle. The bed on which Edward II. is said to have been murdered fell into the hands of a Wottonunder-Edge broker for 17s. 6d.; an old piano was knocked down for 2s. 3d.; and the stuffed birds which were ranged in the chapel, and which the late earl spent hundreds in collecting, could hardly be sold at any price.

The town of Mayence, the scene of the recent gunpowder explosion, belongs to Electoral Hesse, but the fortress is a Federal one, and was occupied by a Federal garrison composed of Prussian and Austrian soldiers, and the municipality of the town has resolved to call on the German Diet to make good the damage. The number of houses completely destroyed is 57, and 64 are more or less damaged.

The population of Italy is at present about as follows: Sardinia, 4,776,034 souls; the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, 4,916,347; Italian Tyrol, 495,204; Canton of Ticino, 129,312; Duchy of Parma, 511,969; Duchy of Modena, 606,139; Grand Duchy of Tuscany, 1,817,166; Papal States, 3,100,000; and the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, 8,616,922. Thus the whole population of Italy is about 24,000,000 souls.

The Madrid *Gazette* announces the receipt of despatches from the Captain-General of the Philippine Islands, stating that the Spanish war steamer Mogallones attacked, near the Isle of Ceba, a number of pirate boats, and destroyed eight of them, killing thirty of the crew, and making thirteen prisoners, at the same time releasing thirty-seven captives of the two sexes. The Spaniards had only one man killed.

The 27th anniversary of the Polish war of independence of 1830-'31 falling on a Sunday, the Polish exiles resident in London attended on the following Tuesday a funeral mass, which was performed by the Rev. Emericus Podolski, at the Catholic chapel, Sutton street, Soho, for the repose of those who fell in that and other national struggles.

The new frescoes, by Mr. E. Ward, have recently been placed in the corridor of the House of Commons. The subject of one is "The Execution of Montrose;" the second subject represents the irruption of the soldiery into the house of Mistress Alice Lisle, and their search for two nonconformist fugitives who had found a refuge there after the battle of Sedgmoor.

The Siamese Ambassadors, upon their recent presentation to Queen Victoria, approached the throne on all-fours, and made their exit in the same manner, but backwards. There was a luncheon served in one of the state apartments, in the course of which their Siamese Excellencies lit their pipes and began to blow a comfortable cloud.

The Emperor Alexander has expressed to Mr. Edward Tracy Turnerelli, author of "Kazan" and other works on Russia, his approbation of that gentleman's last work, entitled "Peace," accompanied by the present of a magnificent diamond ring.

A new sect has sprung up in the highlands of Scotland, calling itself the Church of the Ancient Faith. Its members claim to have covenanted privileges with Heaven, and have adopted as their patron saint a mythical descendant of Fingal.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin has just published, on the subject of the coming elections in Belgium, a pastoral letter to his clergy, which is described as remarkable for great moderation and tolerance.

The *Univers* publishes the Latin text of a rescript of his Holiness, in virtue of which the name of the Emperor is for the future to be introduced into the Roman Liturgy in France.

It is announced that the bull of the Holy Father which modifies for France the *Domine Salvum* has just arrived at Paris, and that it will be immediately published.

In Paris both wholesale and retail trade have been at a stand still. Corn has fallen, and the wine trade, though very active, has not exhibited any noticeable change in prices.

The States of Mecklenburgh have, for the second time, rejected the proposition to establish civil equality between Jews and Christians.

Three Irishmen are now Judges on the English Bench—Martin, of Belfast; Willis, of Cork; and Keating, county of Limerick.

The Catholic inhabitants of Yass, Australia, have presented a purse and an address to the Rev. Patrick Maginnis, a native of Kilkenny.

Mr. Macdowell's statue of Pitt is now placed upon its pedestal at the right hand side of the porch of St. Stephen.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Sam Patch.—We find in an old paper the following account of the last leap of the famous and foolhardy Sam Patch, who lost his life in jumping over the Genesee Falls at Rochester, N. Y. It will be remembered that he had before leaped off the Genesee Falls, and also at Niagara. His last leap was taken November 13, 1829. This singular and presumptuous being has indeed made his "*last* jump." Friday, (13th inst.,) at the hour appointed, in handbills which had been previously circulated, headed "Sam's Last Jump," the banks of the river on each side below the falls, for nearly half a mile, were crowded with spectators. Sam appeared amid the shouts and hurrahs of the expectant assemblage. A stage had been erected twenty-five feet higher than the brink of the precipice, making the height about 120 feet, from which he was to leap. He had before jumped from the precipice without injury, and now determined to prove by experiment, (in his own language,) that some things can be done as well as others, ascended the stage, and was again greeted by the cheers of the spectators. Sam addressed those immediately below for a few moments in a language that seemed to say he half anticipated the result of his rashness. After adjusting his dress, he bowed to the vast assemblage on either side of the unenviable station, then on the other, and deliberately leaped off, was for a moment in mid-air, and then engulphed in the abyss beneath. We stood near where he struck, and for a moment after he left the stage, heard not a word. Every heart beat with a dread suspense, and every eye was strained to behold his rising; but they saw him not, for the water still engulphed its victim. At length when not a wake or sign gave further cue to hope, the half-formed shout of joy died into breathing murmurs of "He's dead!" "He's gone!" and in a moment the vast crowd knew full well its truth, and turned half aside to conceal the horror that they felt. Thus has Sam Patch, who had rashly, but till now uninjured, sported with the law of nature, given us an example that vain and mortal man may not trifle with bounds prescribed by an omniscient God.

The Mormon Place of Refuge.—It is stated the Mormons, among their other preparations, have not forgotten to look out a Canaan of refuge, in case the United States should disagree too severely with their patriarchal institutions. The "Saints" have, it appears, an excellent open road from their south-western valleys to a settlement of their own on the confines of Lower California. This colony consists of between one and two thousand picked settlers—brave, prudent, industrious, and well instructed not to give offence to their Christian neighbors. The colony keeps up a steady communication with Salt Lake, six hundred miles distant; and it is scarcely to be doubted that they have planted other stations in the pleasant and fertile valleys scattered along this route. The inference is obvious, from the systematic arrangement, which opens the way to Sonora and Lower California, that the Mormons have contemplated the possibility of a retreat beyond the United States jurisdiction. They affiliate with the Indians, are strong enough to hold both Sonora and Lower California against Mexico, and nothing but a large volunteer force and the establishment of a cordon of military settlements can reduce the Mormons to submission.

Delegation of the Pawnee Tribe of Indians.—Pe-tah-ne-sha-ro (which, rendered into English, is Man-chief), eleven inferior chiefs, and four braves of the Pawnees, reached St. Louis recently, on their way to Washington, to see to the ratification of a treaty lately submitted for the consideration of parties most concerned. Mr. Wm. H. Dennison, their agent, and Mr. Samuel Allis, interpreter, are with them, having accompanied them from the place where they were located—forty miles west of Omaha, Nebraska territory. They made the journey with wagons and four-horse teams to St. Joseph, and from thence to the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, which took them to Hannibal, where they embarked on the steamer. The roads proved so bad in many places that they were obliged to alight frequently and assist the animals in dragging the wagons through the mire. The chiefs and braves are accoutred as befitteth the Indian warrior, each having his tomahawk constantly in hand. They evidently seem to think also, that the business they are on, calls for an extra consumption of ochre and other coloring matter. They are a good-looking set of fellows.

History of a Canon Ball.—At the commencement of the action on board the President frigate, a ball (an 18-pound shot) from the Belvidere came over the waist cloths of the President, and such was the force of the ball that it actually cut off, without throwing down, the muzzles of several of the muskets (left there by the marines) from six to eight inches in length, killed one marine, took off the wrist of one of the midshipmen, Mr. Montgomery; killed another, Mr. Bird, together with the quarter-gunner; and finally lodged upon the deck and was taken below by the narrator of this and shown to the Lieutenant, Mr. Dallas, who took it in his hand and wrote on it with a piece of chalk, "Cousin, I have received your present, and will return it again;" clapped it in the gun himself, and fired the piece; and it is a remarkable fact that it actually killed several of the officers and men on the Belvidere, and finally lodged in the cabin of that vessel, and was afterwards hung up in the Belvidere's cabin as a globe during the war.—*Portland Standard.*

Taking Children to Church.—Though there was an immense crowd, and hundreds had to leave the church door, yet there were a great many children present. This was, doubtless, owing to that spirit of intelligence which prompts American parents to refuse nothing to their children, not even what is unreasonable. What had children to do there? They could not enjoy the discourse; they were only playing the dog in the manger—taking up the room of those who would have enjoyed it. But they liked the fun and excitement, and so their parents let them go. In the pew before us were three girls of ten or twelve years of age, who thoroughly disturbed the whole congregation. When told to be quiet, they stared boldly in our faces, as if asking, "What is your business?" This indulgence of children in America is no trifling matter; it is sapping the virtue and self-control of the whole nation, and threatens to undermine all lawful authority—*A Scotchman in America.*

The Queen of England and the Duchess of Washington.—A woman found disturbing the peace at her residence on Eighth street, near Wash, was arrested and taken to the police office. When asked her name, she replied that she was Mary Ann Melbourne, the Queen of England, and desired to be respected as such; that she was moreover the Duchess of Washington and had ruled the United States for seventeen years. She affirmed that her gold and silver were to be seen all over the city, and appealed to the officer to examine his books and see if it were not so. She knew perfectly the base designs against her; it was in contemplation to cut off her head and send it to England. With an air of perfect triumph she asked the watchman if he had not himself avowed that design! The poor creature was evidently deranged. She was at length prevailed upon to retire to safe quarters.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Prevention of Damp in Ground Floors.—A very few years back no provision was made to guard against the absorption of moisture in the foundation walls of a house; latterly, every working bricklayer knows that by the use of a single layer of slate (fixed in cement), ever so little above the ground range of a foundation, the rise of damp in walls is repressed. What a catalogue of evils is avoided by this simple provision! The servants of an establishment are saved from all the penalties which damp walls are sure to entail upon the occupant of a basement story; all the aches to which the human constitution is subject are at once obviated; and apartments which, built on the surface, were formerly damp some two or three feet upwards, or if sunken only four feet below the level were damp to the ceiling, are now perfectly dry and fit for sleeping-rooms.

New York Hotels.—The hotels are the pride of our metropolis, indicating more than all else to the passing stranger her commercial greatness. First in age, high in reputation, and best in situation, of all these splendid establishments, is the Astor House, a massive structure of Quincy granite, with a frontage on three streets, and overlooking the Park on the opposite side of Broadway. The Astor has three hundred and forty rooms, and frequently entertains at a time more than six hundred guests. It is more widely known than any other hotel in the world, and its spacious halls have witnessed more social and civic feasts than any other similar establishment in the country.

Our Indian Policy.—It is a strange and inexcusable fact in our history, that we have passed three-quarters of a century without any settled system of policy for the government of our relations with the Indians. As a general rule, we have paid liberally for the extinguishment of their titles to the land; but we have taken little heed whether the red race was extinguished with them, or only driven temporarily out of the way, to raise new irritations in some other time and field. The millions we have paid out to slaughter them in war, or drench them with the slower poison of our vices and fire-water, would have supplied the whole race with stated homes and the elements of civilization.

To Ascertain the State of the Lungs.—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumptive the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

Not Posted.—A green member of the Nebraska Legislature, when the election of the assistant clerk came up, called out, "Mr. Speaker, I move we vote vice versa." The whole house burst into a roar, and not knowing what it meant, greeny asked his right hand man if it was not in order, adding "that he didn't know anything about these d——d parliamentary rules."

Remarkable Owl.—Colonel Hardy presented us, a short time since, says the Little Rock (Ark) *Democrat*, with the talons and the plumage of the tail of the largest owl we ever saw. The bird, with the exception of a few brown streaks, was perfectly white, and measured over five feet, from the tip of one wing to the other. It was shot from a house top, at the river landing.

Rare Game.—The Weymouth *Gazette* says: "A couple of young men of this town, while on a gunning excursion one day last week in quest of game, came across a live ostrich, which took the liberty to 'spread himself,' upon their approach, and soon left them entirely out of sight. Since then the ostrich has been captured by a dog belonging to Mr. Erastus Whiton, which, after a long chase, finally ran down and killed him. The ostrich was owned by Mr. I. D. Richards of Boston, and escaped from the summer residence of that gentleman a few months ago."

Names of M. C's.—In Congress there are five Joneses, six Davises, four Clarks, three Wrights, three Washburns (brothers), three Thompsons, two Marshalls, two Sewards, three Smiths, two Shaws, two Taylors, two Clays, two Houstons, two Sherman, two Wilsons, two Masons, two Halls, three Stewarts, two Phelpses, two Morses, two Morrises, and but one Brown.

The Alligator's Enemy.—An alligator was recently killed near the Balize (mouth of the Mississippi) which was nearly eaten up by shrimps. It seems that when one of these monsters is wounded ever so slightly, the shrimps at once begin to make their home in his body, and the colony increases until the little pests actually devour the alligator alive.

Dividing the Spoils—The following will be interesting to those who are fond of sausages: A lady having purchased sausages of a couple of boys, overheard them talking about the money. "Give me half of it," says one. "I won't," said the other. "Now that ain't fair, you know it taint, Jo, for half the pup was mine."

Size of the West.—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Ohio exceeds in size both Scotland and Switzerland put together. Missouri, alone, is larger than Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium. Illinois and Missouri are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

The Fur Trade.—Furs to the amount of $180,000 have been exported from Minnesota the past year, being an increase of $3,000 over that of 1856. The fur trade is an item of considerable importance to that Territory, and is constantly increasing.

Horrible.—The bark Sarah Ann, bound from Valparaiso to the Island of Oceanica with merchandize and passengers, was wrecked on an island inhabited by savage canables, and every person on board was devoured by those monsters.

Ansel Bowen, a young man residing in Westerly, R. I., was the subject of a curious physical phenomenon a short time since. On the 29th of October, having some business to transact in another village, a short distance from Westerly, he proceeded to transact it, and before he entered the place, while walking along by the roadside, he suddenly felt as though a dark cloud was passing athwart his face, and the next moment he was stricken entirely blind. In a moment more he lost the use of his speech, so that by all his endeavors, he was absolutely unable to utter a single sound. To crown all, his calamities were increased by the loss of his sense of hearing, which instantly left him. He remained in this State for seventeen days, when his senses returned. He is now well.

A mountain of glass has been discoverd in the Petulama Valley, a few miles north of San Pablo Bay. It is evidently of volcanic origin. Some of it is quite transparent. Specimens have been sent to manufactories in the Atlantic States, and a large mass to the Patent Office. It is said that on Clear Lake, forty miles north, there is the greatest abundance of it. Not far fom the Glass Mountain, above spoken of, a farmer, recently sinking a well, discovered three veins of coal; the lowest, at the depth of thirty-seven feet, was four feet thick, and was considered of good quality; those above were small, and of inferior quality.

An eastern orator, speaking of the education of young misses at boarding schools, says: "Besides this, there is the piano, where the fingers are compelled to travel more in one day than the feet do in one term; and the mind must be kept on a stretch over spider-tracked music till the reason reels and the brain swims, and the notes on the page before her carry no more idea to the mind than so many tadpoles trying to climb over a five-barred rail fence."

A whale of the humpbacked species was driven ashore at Nahant, a few days since, and upon being cut open a pair of boots marked "J," in a good state of preservation, were found in his entrails. It is supposed that the boots, as they were marked "J," belonged to Jonah, and were taken off and left behind by accident when he made his exit from the big fish.

News from the Utah army affirms that the story of the reverses of two companies of infantry are not true. The main force had centered at Black's Fork, and was moving at a slow rate toward Fort Bridger.

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride down in their carriages now walk."

The carriage of ex-President Pierce was sold a few days since at Concord, N. H., the proceeds to be applied to the benefit of the poor.

The Banks of South Carolina are in no hurry to resume. The talk is that next summer will do.

The District Attorney of New Orleans has been removed for letting off Gen. Walker on light bail.

To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into the parlor.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will a Reverend Correspondent, lately of Sinsinawa, (and now of Janesville, Wis.,) who wishes to receive the TABLET, be so kind as to forward his name?

*** "Moyeely Castle;" Lines by J. D. C. (poetry), and the first paper of the series on Spanish-American politics, in our next.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1858.

We wish every reader of the TABLET a very happy New-Year! If we confine our expression of good-will to few words, it is not the less heartfelt.

A NEW STORY BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

WE commence with the New-Year "MAUREEN DHU, THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER; A Tale of the Claddagh."

The scene of this story is laid in the Claddagh, at Galway, and its purpose is to illustrate the manners and customs of the singular people who have been located there from time immemorial. The subject is full of romantic interest; and we are glad to see that Mrs. Sadlier has chosen it for the groundwork of her New Story. We have little doubt, judging from the opening chapters, that it will be found to exceed in interest anything that has yet appeared from her pen.

THE PURITAN FATHERS AND THE PUBLIC OPINION OF TO-DAY.

WILL the deification of the Puritans never end? Quick-witted in many things, will the children of New England never learn that there is that in the history of their fathers which, while we may silently overlook it, precludes moderns form honoring them as anything else than expert wood-cutters, energetic men, and sharp souls in driving a bargain?

We take no pleasure in ransacking the story of a dead generation to find out its faults that we may fling them at its natural successors; but we cannot allow the early colonists of Massachusetts to be set up as household gods deserving of eternal benediction, without a protest. Pride in a worthy ancestry is one of the noblest sentiments. It is the highest homage which men can pay to virtue. It fosters the natural feeling of love of kindred with the supernatural feeling of love for moral excellence. He who feels it fully, no matter how far removed he may be from the objects of his esteem, rises to their level in the act of honoring them. But just in proportion to its dignity should be the care with which it is shown, that we may not be misled by the instinct of relationship to forget our reason, or to turn an act of honest homage into a blind idolatry.

In looking back at the Pilgrims we find that they were possessed of many natural good qualities such as shrewdness, perseverance, and courage, combined with the most intense bigotry, and the most grovelling superstition. They who speak of them as the forerunners of American tolerance and freedom wilfully misrepresent them. None would resent the injustice more than the Pilgrims themselves if they might rise out of their graveyards. Had the early colonists of the Bay State a vote at the adoption of the Federal, or any of our State Constitutions, it would have been registered against freedom of conscience, and in favor of a Puritan Church establishment, or their best historians belie them. "How little the early Puritans knew of the doctrine of independence!" says Bancroft, quoting Cartwright, where he says, "Heretics ought to be put to death. If this be bloody and extreme I am content to be so counted with the Holy Ghost. *I deny that upon repentance there ought to follow any pardon of death.*" Nor was the opinion confined to Cartwright. It was the lifeblood of Puritan belief and permeated their whole system. In 1629 they banished John and Samuel Brown from Salem for denying it. In 1630 they took measures for the State support of numbers to sustain it. In 1631 they agreed that "no man shall be admitted to the freedom of the body politic but such as are church members within the same." In 1631 Wilson, in the heat of his zeal, got into a tree and denounced the Anne Hutchison school of politics which claimed freedom of conscience, and was sustained by the unanimous voice of the people. In 1637 Cotton and Ward with the assent of the whole community proclaimed that liberty of conscience was "impious," and Lynn, Clarke and Holmes,—the latter perhaps an ancestor of Oliver Wendell who writes so fulsomely of Puritan liberality,—were fined £30 each and whipped unmercifully, for impugning the doctrine. Whoever would know more of their intense bigotry need only turn to the treatment which Roger Williams and the inoffensive Quakers received at their hands. And yet these are the men whom our anniversary speakers persist in calling the sowers of the seed of liberality on American soil! These are the men whom Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Osgood would hold up as the patron saints of genuine Americanism!

Not only were the Puritans hostile to religious freedom as now understood, they were deadly foes of natural freedom as advocated by their descendants. If Mr. Charles Mackay had been born to the trade of a poetical cobbler two centuries earlier, they would not have hesitated to receive him into slavery with the other Scots who were defeated at the battle of Dunbar, and made scullions for the "elect" of Plymouth. They had a keen appreciation of the value of an African; and if, when weak, they scrupulously purchased Indian titles in the neighborhood of their settlement, they felt no compunction, when grown strong, for holding the remnant of the Annawan tribe in servitude, and selling into captivity the orphan child of their best benefactor, King Phillip. Imagine the whole caste of Southern slaveholders to be dead two hundred years, and the public voice of Massachusetts celebrating their apotheosis! Absurd as the idea is, it is far more consistent with general opinion than this panegyrical display over the Puritans, for Southern slaveholders sometimes bequeath freedom to their chattels, *and the Puritans never did.* The earth was the "elects'" and the fullness thereof; and if the people of Massachusetts have learned to disavow property in their fellowmen for fear it might impede their progress to eternal happiness, a notion so disparaging to individual merit was denied a night's shelter by their ancestors.

The claim that the Puritans were free from "priestcraft" is no less false than the assertions that they inculcated freedom of conscience, and favored natural freedom. Almost the first act which they performed after landing was to set up general spiritual overseers, and to pay them out of the common fund, in contradistinction to the voluntary system. Asserting fearlessly an equal spiritual light with the most favored beings, they yet thought it necessary to impose shepherds on themselves, and to make the meeting-house stool of repentance the first step to public honors. As they grew older their submission to their ministers increased. Sunday's sermon gave a direction to Monday's legislation; and the same subserviency to "priestcraft" which sent sixty-nine clergymen to the Know-Nothing Assembly in '56, made the theological servants of the Puritan pioneers both masters of morals, and directors of manners. Under their deleterious influence all the sweet amenities of life went into eclipse, and society became one vast, morose, Gradkind school. When the Indians had ceased to terrify—when full granaries incited to the domestic virtue of hospitality—when the inducements which loneliness offers for the cultivation of the social spirit were strongest, the pulpit stood between the settler and nature, and made him walk, think, and talk by its rule. Here was "priestly despotism" with a vengeance—a despotism when in no Christian country has ever had a fellow. It entered into everything, and controlled everything. It not only determined how much cloth a spinster might use in a dress—it dictated laws and superintended their execution. It brought forth such a crop of credulity as the world has never seen. It inaugurated the Witch murders. It was powerful enough to make the people believe that a glance from Deliverance Hobbs knocked down the gable of Cotton Mather's church. It set the engines of persecution working and supplied the victims. The founder of Rhode Island wandered fifteen days in the wilderness because it "marvelled" that his congregation "should accept a minister who did not believe that force ought to be used in religion," and ordered them to "desist." To it, under God, may be credited the independent settlement of several States whose greatest honor is that they never permitted the "priestcraft" which their early inhabitants fled from, to cross their confines. Properly speaking the Puritan vice of bigotry is incapable of a solution if we leave out of the account the clerical contingent in the Puritan Commonwealth. The New England divergence from the beaten tracks of common actions, civil and social, even at the present day, is mainly due to the guides who, in the name of the "Spirit" made the first Puritans unnatural. Comparing the colonial history of Virginia and Massachusetts, no student can fail to see that while the church was more acted upon than acting in the former, it was the Alpha and Omega of the latter. So much about Puritan "independence on priestcraft."

The systems of Town Meetings and Common Schools furnish the last pleas upon which we are asked to honor the Pilgrims, but they are no more forcible than those to which we have just referred. Town Meetings, or their equivalents, chartered corporations, date from the Middle Ages. Leyden was, in all respects, a self-governing city when Robinson and Brewster took refuge in it. If they did not carry their idea of town government from Holland, the American woods and Indians taught it to them. When communication is difficult and men are obliged to go in bodies for self-protection, they naturally resolve themselves into a miniature commonwealth. To do so implies that they are rational, rather than republican; and if we cannot find outside of the New England States the same approximation to municipal privileges which we detect in them, the reasons are, obviously, that in no other place on the Continent was the battle with the Red-men fought so desperately and sustained so long, while in no other part was the central power so weak, or the Home Government so indifferently represented from the beginning. It should not be forgotten that Plymouth was settled under very different auspices from Jamestown or even New Amsterdam; and that the revolutions in England which tightened with every change the bond of allegiance on the James' River, only furnished greater arguments for self-government in New England. On the subject of the Massachusetts' system of Common Schools we need say nothing. By the confession of its best friends it is a failure, and the sons of the Pilgrims must settle the quarrel over its merits and demerits before we presume to interfere.

We have now glanced at the principal themes of the Puritans' panegyrists on last "Forefathers' Day." We are willing to concede many natural virtues to the Pilgrim Fathers. They struggled against great difficulties and overcame them only as brave men could. They were not licentious as a body, although thirteen of the *Mayflower's* cargo got into troubles which more moral men might have escaped. They were so independent that they would not bow the knee to the name of Jesus. But here their good or questionable qualities end, and in all else those who honor them most, ought to be the most eager to shield them from scrutiny. They are not the stuff for anniversary heroes; and no amount of family pride—no quantity of sectional glorification—can ever make them national exemplars. If we must have a holiday devoted to the honor of the men who lived before the Revolution, we ought to consecrate it to the remembrance of the founders of St. Marys', or Providence, or the city of Penn.

THE MONTREAL ELECTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that two of the anti-Ministerial, anti-Orange candidates for the representation of Montreal in Parliament, Mr. Dorion and Mr. McGee, have been elected by a glorious majority. Mr. McGee's vote is the second largest polled, being several hundreds over Cartier's.

In the presence of this victory, secured by a combination of French and Irish, we anticipate the resurrection of a better Catholic public spirit. It assures us that national prejudices, if they exist, are not stronger than the claims of duty; and that, in spite of all who assert the contrary, as the Catholics of Lower Canada have a common cause, so they have a common feeling in regard to it.

The career opened to Mr. McGee promises to be both long in duration and fruitful of good. He enters Parliament pledged to oppose the present Ministry, to battle against the political recognition of the Orange faction, and to induce better legislation on the subject of education; but his clear mind will find a thousand channels in which to influence the future of his adopted country. We have only space to append the following characteristic letter from our Montreal correspondent:

MONTREAL, DEC. 24th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—Your readers will, I know, be rejoiced to learn that the Irish Catholics of Montreal have succeeded in returning Thos. D'Arcy McGee to the Provincial Parliament. The struggle was fearful, and the whole city was agitated during the short interval between the nomination and election. The contest was in some respects very unequal. On the one side was arrayed the whole power of the government, with the state funds at command, and the Orange party as supporters, but on the other was the entire body of the Irish Catholics, *united as one man*—united and determined as we have never seen them. With them were allied the liberal party of the French Canadians, by far the most influential in the country, and by their united efforts they have returned their respective leaders, Dorion and McGee. The third liberal candidate, Mr. Holton, a Protestant, was defeated, and Mr. Rose, the Solicitor General, put in, in his stead, by an inconsiderable majority.

When we consider the interests at stake in this contest, the short time Mr. McGee has been a resident of Montreal, and the great strength displayed by our people, we have every reason to feel proud. It was a bold attempt for the Irish Catholics of Montreal to put forward a candidate of their own for the representation of the capital of British North America—the great commercial emporium of this northern region, and that they have succeeded in returning him is a grand fact in the history of the race. The Irish in Australia placed Charles Gavin Duffy amongst the legislators of that region, and the Irish in Canada have done as much for his friend and fellow-laborer, Thos. D'Arcy McGee. Honor to the high-hearted, patriotic sons of Ireland, who, though separated by three-fourths the earth's surface, have, in the same spirit, achieved these splendid victories. The Australian triumph was great, but the Canadian still greater—here at the very door of the British empire, within a few day's sail of London—here, within one day's journey

of New York, but a few leagues removed from the land of the Know-Nothings—truly it *is* a triumph, such as our people have never before obtained on this continent. The glory of the victory is, moreover, enhanced by the fearless, independent, upright conduct of our electors during the contest. Money they could have had in abundance—and God knows many of them are not overburdened with that commodity—but they bravely resisted all temptation, and maintained their character throughout as honest, unpurchasable voters.

There is now a career of public usefulness opened to Mr. McGee, and if he is spared for some years, his enemies and ours will be shamed into a just appreciation of his services.

Of the many friends who mainly contributed to Mr. McGee's return, I think it but fair to mention Mr. Devlin, already known to many of your readers as a distinguished Irish lawyer. This gentleman, though still young in years, has won for himself a high place at the Canadian bar, and is admitted, even by his religious and political opponents, to be one of the first criminal lawyers in the British provinces: he has thrown himself heart and soul into this contest, and, by his well-merited influence with his countrymen, and his affectionate, and most spirit-stirring eloquence, has done at least as much as any one man for the advancement of the cause. As Mr. McGee very gracefully observed, while addressing the electors after the polls were closed, "Mr. Devlin stood by his side like a true friend from beginning to end of the contest."

The interest felt in this election throughout the entire province was intense. Telegraphic despatches were being constantly received during the fateful two days. In fact, as one friend of the cause wrote from Upper Canada, the contest was regarded in something the same light as the Clare election of former days. "It is like young David struggling against the colossal infidel," wrote a venerable clergyman from another section of the country.

Thank God it is over, and the Christmas will be gladdened in many and many a home throughout these provinces by the thought that Thomas D'Arcy McGee is one of the members for the city of Montreal.

I am, Mr. Editor, &c., &c.,

HIBERNICA.

The satisfaction referred to by our correspondent will not be confined to the Canadian Provinces. It will be as extensive in its circuit as Mr. McGee's reputation. Ireland, Australia, the United States, wherever a true Celt lives who appreciates a life of loving labor spent for Irish interests, will furnish its quota to the general gratulation.

DOUGLAS DEMOCRATS.—The press is rapidly dividing into two sections on the important stand made by Senator Douglas. If they may be taken as any index of popular sentiment, Mr. Douglas is sustained by two-thirds of the Democracy and a Northern and Southern party promise to step into the place of our old political combinations. Even in Philadelphia, as we see by the *Press* and other journals, the action of the Illinois Senator has gained the good-will of Mr. Buchanan's staunchest adherents. Men with a future before them should be warily reserved for the coming change.

Christmas Eve and *The Little Hermit* are the titles of two tales for youth by Cannon Schmid, just issued by McGrath of Philadelphia. They are the 9th and 10th Nos. of the Parochial and School Library, and, we doubt not, will give great pleasure to the little folk.

We are in communication with the Postmaster General on the subject of the gross manner in which the TABLET is purloined at certain Post Offices. It is really too bad that persons paid for furthering the interests of the department, should act only as clogs to its usefulness.

On a second reading of the *Visitation Manual*, published by Murphy & Co., we have been still more impressed with its excellence. It is, in our opinion, one of the very best prayer books in circulation, both in arrangement and matter.

Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, sailed on the 28th ult., in the steamship *Black Warrior*, for Havanna.

THE ARREST AND RETURN OF "GENERAL" WALKER.

CLEANTHES, when one of his followers would pay court to him by laying vices to the charge of his most formidable opponent, Arcesilaus the Academic, answered with a justice and candor unhappily too rare: "Silence—do not malign him; though he attacks virtue by his arguments, he confesses its authority by his life." Arcesilaus, whether modestly or churlishly, replied: "I do not wish to be flattered." Cleanthes, with a superiority of repartee as well as charity, rejoined: "Is it flattery to say you speak one thing and do another?"

We have been disposed to make the clinching charge of Cleanthes against the present administration, but the arrest of "General" Walker, by Commodore Paulding, proves that it would be groundless now, whatever it might have been a week ago. On the 8th ult., the Commodore despatched a large force of seamen and marines to Punta Arenas and summoned Walker to surrender. The entire fillibuster force, amounting to one hundred and fifty men, laid down their arms. The officers and privates are now on their way to the United States in the sloop-of-war *Saratoga*. Walker was released on parole, and arrived in this city in the *Northern Light*. So ends the latest raid on Nicaragua.

According to the laws of civilized nations Walker is a felon, and ought to be treated as such. That he has carried on his freebooting on a large scale, only increases the reasons for his punishment. Will the Administration prosecute him to conviction, or allow its late act to be discredited by his subsequent escape? Having gone so far—will it cause Pierre Sole to be prosecuted on his bond, and Marshal Rynders to be superseded for receiving Walker in the Park as "an apostle of liberty."

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1857.

A few of the ultra-nullifying papers at the South, among which is the Richmond, Virginia, *South*, edited by Robert Pryor, Esq., seem determined, if they can, to drive Senator Douglas out of the Democratic ranks; but the more sensible portion of the party press, particularly the *Richmond Enquirer*, will not sanction so destructive a policy as this, the natural result of which would inevitably be the dissolution of the Democracy and the success of the Republicans in 1860.

I am fully aware that neither President Buchanan nor any of his friends, gives the slightest countenance to so suicidal a course as this; and, therefore, the attacks of the *South* on Mr. Douglas are not only not in accordance with the President's feelings, but in direct opposition to them.

The clique which Mr. Pryor represents have Senator Hunter in their keeping as a candidate for the Presidency, after Mr. Buchanan retires from it; and, as a natural inference from this, it would appear that, if successful in driving Douglas from the party, Mr. Hunter's chances for the nomination would be the better for it. Mr. Hunter, I admit, is an able statesman, and every way worthy of the honor to which he aspires; but his friends are taking the wrong steps to secure it for him, by attacking one who has the feelings and affections of the whole Democracy with him. Now, Mr. Hunter has no such hold on the masses, and is scarcely known beyond the limits of his own State, except what notoriety his Congressional duties have given him. From all the information that I can gather in my daily intercourse with men from every section of the country, who visit this city, there is but one prominent sentiment among them on this subject, which is, that either Senator Douglas from the Northwest, or Governor Wise from the South, in all probability will receive the nomination of the Democratic party for that post. Douglas will not and cannot be driven from the Democratic party by those who want him out of the way for their own sinister ends; nor will the masses at the South sacrifice one who has stood by them as no other northern man has for fifteen years in defence of their institutions and the general welfare of their section of the country.

The result of the election in Kansas on the Constitution, which was to have taken place yesterday, is looked for with great anxiety by everybody. It is thought that by Saturday or Sunday next the telegraph will announce it here. The impression of ex-Gov. Walker is, that not over fifteen hundred votes will be cast for it. Under no circumstances can it remain a pro-slavery majority, except through frauds under the sanction of the three commissioners of the election.

For several months past the papers have been filled with accounts of the appointment of Know-Nothings to the office in the several departments of the Government in this city, which, to a considerable extent, are true; but I learn that this will not occur again if the President or the members of the Cabinet can prevent it. That order, or rather *disorder*, of the political family, is still a *secret* one, and necessarily has among its ranks many prominent men in office, as well as in Congress, who sympathize with them, and who do everything in their power to procure for them those appointments. A reformation in this respect is contemplated, for I understand all those who can be identified with that party, with very few exceptions, will be removed after the 1st proximo.

In the Senate, the President's Message being under consideration, the friends of the Administration in that body take the opportunity, during the debates, to reply to Senator Douglas's great speech on the Kansas question. There appears to be in these debates a mistaken line of argument respecting the special object at issue. Many, if not nearly all those who have already spoken in reply to Senator Douglas, commit this error, inasmuch as they argue from the general and conflicting usage of forming State Constitutions, to that which the people of Kansas have been called upon to make, in a *special and particular way*, under the guarantees of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the instructions of the President to Governor Walker, and the signed pledges of the members of the Lecompton Convention, that that Constitution should be submitted to them for their decision. It matters not how former state constitutions were constructed or adopted. This, in every point of view, is a special and particular one, and carries with it the obligation to conform to every form of pledge made to the people to submit it to them in good faith. Senator Douglas, to-day, in reply to Senator Fitch, of Indiana, said, that let it come to Congress in whatever shape it may, if adopted by them and Kansas admitted as a State under it, there would be no escape from a civil war, not only in Kansas but all over the country. Both Houses will adjourn over on Thursday, till the 1st Monday in January.

On dit. A small number of the would-be friends of the late Postmaster-General,—Judge Campbell, have been laboring since the 4th March last, under the foolish impression that he and the President had not been on friendly terms. The reverse of this is the fact. There is no man in the country at this moment who has a higher regard for Judge Campbell than President Buchanan. It is only a few days since that some verdant gentleman from Pennsylvania expressed his views to him on the subject, when Mr. Buchanan replied that it was all a mistake.

SIGMA.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1858.

CUSTOM prescribes that a journal seeking for popular favor, should give a statement of the arrangements made to preserve what it has acquired and to conquer more, at the opening of a new year. Here, then, are ours for 1858:

The EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, confined in extent by the terms of our Prospectus, will occupy *three* pages, instead of two, as formerly, one of which will be exclusively devoted to Literary Notices, and articles on literary topics. In its range of subjects it will embrace greater variety—in the discussion of them assume more freedom—and, we doubt not, give even greater satisfaction, than heretofore. While preserving a style and tone suited to the family circle, it will not permit the peculiar embarrassments which attended the early publication of the paper, to interfere with either its manner or its matter.

In the ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT—Mrs. Sadlier will continue her labors. Tales, Legends, Biographies, such as may be supposed to interest and instruct, will appear weekly from her pen. Under this head we also include TRANSLATIONS from approved sources, for which we have secured the services of a gentleman already known to our readers, and well qualified to do justice to whatever he takes in hand The past seven months are the best guarantee we can offer for the attention which will be paid to our original and selected reading.

FOREIGN NEWS, carefully chronicled by our London and Paris Correspondents in their respective letters, is too important to be overlooked in a programme for the New Year. The great good taste shown by these writers in their choice of subjects, the judicious manner in which they dispose of them, the absence of everything savoring of excess in their language, and their thorough appreciation of Catholic necessities in America, justify us in promising that our FOREIGN pages will increase in interest, and become a still more truthful barometer of continental affairs. European Diplomacy is fast passing into a state of fever; and as the solution of its disease may be expected from Paris, it is but natural to turn Paris-wards for information. London, too, the centre of the Protestant world, has special claims to a representation in our columns, and there are few better qualified to do justice to her good and evil deeds than our correspondent from the head-quarters of "Anglo-Saxonism."

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE, as distinguished from partizan, will be a prominent feature of our next Volume. The Congress in session at Washington promises to be the most important, both on account of the issues before the country, and the personal interests involved, that ever attracted attention. To keep our readers informed on its sayings and doings, we have obtained a regular Correspondent at the seat of Government, whose opportunities for acquiring correct information are second to none in the Federal Capital. The growing complications with the Spanish American States, have, also, suggested to us the necessity of giving still more space to their treatment, and having Spanish policy in regard to them, better known. For this purpose we have made arrangements with a gentleman who is possessed of peculiar facilities, and who will furnish us weekly with a *resume* of Spanish American opinion as expressed in its home and foreign organs.

HOME NEWS, so essential in a well conducted newspaper, and not forgotten, as our readers will testify, in the current volume, will fill a leading place in the TABLET for '58. RELIGIOUS NEWS, under which we class correspondence relating to the progress of the Church, and original Items on the same subject, will be carefully condensed and collated. Under this head, also, CITY MATTERS will receive proper notice; and the reader may rest assured that what he cannot find in the TABLET will not be worth looking after.

Among a people fanciful beyond any portion of their fellow-citizens, POETRY should not be forgotten. We will, therefore, devote a column weekly to original and selected verse, giving precedence to the former. Our available space has not allowed us to give proper hospitality to the Muses, but they may rely upon a discriminating and cordial welcome, in future.

In every way, we are determined to make the TABLET the very best newspaper published, of its class. Will our subscribers promise, on their part, to co-operate with us?

The Tablet for the New Year!

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE!

We offer the following inducements to persons wishing to subscribe:

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Portrait of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the TABLET, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

To persons sending us $6 in advance for three copies of the TABLET, we will send any 50 cent book of our own Publication, and three Portraits of the Most Rev. Archbishop, on their remitting us eighteen cents in postage stamps.

By reference to the Business department it will be seen that we send 10 copies of the paper for $15 to *one address*. Sent separately with subscribers names on, they will cost twenty cents each, *extra*. The engraving of Archbishop Hughes, which we send to subscribers who pay in advance, is an admirable one, and was published at $1 a copy.

DIED.

On December 22, 1857, at No. 161 East Twenty-fourth street, in this city, SAMUEL CAMPBELL JONES, aged 1 year and 4 months, only child of John C. and Alice Jones, formerly of Ardbear, House, Clifden, county of Galway.

AN HOUR WITH ST. CECILIA.

There are few festivals better entitled to celebration than that of St. Cecilia. In the canonized lists of the Church she holds a distinguished place, and for a great length of time. In sacred and profane history, there are no chapters more beautiful than those in which her life and talents are set forth. And she has not been forgotten. For more than a thousand years the twenty-second of November has been solemnized in her name. The poets of every land have always welcomed that day, and with odes and lyrics they have consecrated it to the promised wife of Valerian. The Eternal City is often the place of thanksgiving and of ceremony; but on her anniversary, the most imposing devotion, and resplendent of processions may be witnessed in the metropolis of the Cæsars—on that day, the magnificent music of the Gregorian Chant resounds in every church in the Queen City of the world;—but not in honor of the great departed Pontiff—it is in celebration of the lady who sung the inspired poetry of King David with sweetness that ravished angelic hosts. The philharmonic societies of Europe have many prejudices between them, as to country, persuasion, genius, and race; but on this day they forgot all—it is the festival of their common patroness, and in music, and eulogy, in thought and sentiment, they make a common gathering at her shrine.

This most eminent lady was born in the city of Rome, during the reign of SEPTIMUS SEVERUS, about the close of the third century. At the time of her birth, the Catholic religion was in its infancy—but it was a vigorous child;—the Eternal One was its author, and the sensual principles of long established idolatry were vanishing fast from the provinces and from the Capital of the great Empire, of which Cecilia was a native. The plebian ranks had already, in many instances, forsworn the sottish allegiance that had chained them so long to the worship of granite Gods in the Pantheon. Their veneration for household divinities commenced to diminish. Faith in a Universal One began to prevail. They commenced to reject the old notion that there was an aristocracy in Heaven as well as on earth—that there were Gods with grades among them, as there are men different as to rank and power. They could no longer, in thousands of instances, admit the idea that the Providence which condescended to watch over the master, considered it degrading to be solicitous for the slave: the light of Catholic truth was bursting upon them, dispelling forever the idolatrous awe which consecrated the summit of Olympus as the throne of the Most High. But the light of faith was not less natural to patrician understanding: it was as natural to the lord as to the serf; and the first families in the great city were becoming ambitious of acquiring new honors for their ancient genealogies; and the title of CHRISTIAN alone was adequate to the splendid gradation they commenced to make. Before, they made the superb boast that their ancestors were begotten of the Gods, and for a long time the credit of having a divine origin was too elevated to be cast away. Now they looked upon themselves as the purchase of a most HOLY REDEEMER, and they were filled with hopes of salvation too sacred to be given up. Troubles, grievous as their change was sincere, met them at every step, but they were faithful. Fearful proscription they encountered with stern resignation. Plundered of maternal wealth, they felt themselves replenished with spiritual treasures. Exiles from their native land made them subjects of a far more glorious country. They were whipped, they were flagellated, they were crucified—men and women, youths and maidens—but balm from heaven healed the wounded flesh by strengthening the faithful spirit. They did not refuse the cross, for the God-man set them the example, nor decapitation, for they saw it would give them a crown. In imprisonment and death, they enjoyed liberty and life. Yet in this great city of nobles and serfs, of paganism apart, but battling still with an imperial weapon for native pre-eminence—of Catholicity staggering in its own blood, but recovering to stand for ever—in this great city, still venerated as the capitol of the dead Republic, and just possessed of a deed written in the gore of ten thousand martyrs, entitling it to enjoy perpetually the sacred name of Holy See, there was not a more ancient house—there was not one that sighed with purer patriotism over the broad sepulchre of Roman greatness—there was not one that manifested greater sagacity in the management of the fallen nation—there was not one that ennobled these elevated characteristics with greater magnanimity in embracing the saving truths of the church Catholic, than the house that gave birth to Saint Cecilia. The lineage of her father was called patrician in pagan eulogies. His wealth was sufficient for the ransom of a principality. In position, he was a Roman Senator. It was his greater dignity, to be a Roman Catholic. The noble partner of his life was as well descended. All the great qualities implied in the terms Roman matron, were exhibited in her character. She was a Catholic lady.

Such were the times and their features when Cecilia was born, and such were her parents. She was their only child. At an early age, that beauty for which she was so celebrated when grown up, glittered on her brow; the holiness for which she was canonized heaved in her bosom; and the genius for which she is honored to-day was bursting forth in the most fascinating manner. Her piety was nurtured in the Church of the Catacombs. When very young, she was a frequent devotee in that gloomy vault; when she grew up with all the splendid accomplishments belonging to the prerogative of a statesman's daughter around her, she did not desert it. The place agreed with her disposition and with her talents. That which affected her heart inspired her genius; her acts of love were succeeded by songs of praise. It was there, filled with holy joy, she expressed her fervor in strains that dispelled dreariness from the crypt, and filled its inmates with the raptures of seraphic music; it was there, glowing with sacred delights, she poured forth those heavenly sounds which needed to be heard but once to have her requested to make an association that would sing during the ceremony of the altar; it was there, in a simple, wretched, underground chapel, with a number of maidens, beautiful like herself, she held that position which foreshadowed the dignity she now enjoys as the patroness of music in the universal church. Such are the beautiful facts that have made the church elevate Cecilia to the guardianship of the choirs of the sanctuary. And there is no other musical personage whose life exhibits features calculated to merit so eminent a distinction. To her alone is the invention of the organ ascribed; and it is presumed that she was indebted for her skill to angelic instruction. But it is difficult to determine that it was with her that instrument originated. Ecclesiastical writers are some way diffident on the point, but musical historians attribute it to no one else. The poets of every land have celebrated her on this account. There are traditions prevalent among all people, in which she is honored for the same reason. Every presumption is in favor of her claim. There is no account of any such acquaintance with the organ previous to her time. It is ascribed to her alone, and why to her? What started the opinion among the educated and uneducated in Europe that it was she invented it? Universal admission rarely prevails on questionable things. And since the Church itself has always used that instrument, and has always honored Cecilia as the Patroness of her choirs, does it not tacitly declare, that one is the interview of the other? Having therefore every advantage on her side, the tacit assent of the Church infallible, the songs of poets and history following the traditions of the people, we may be satisfied until the appearance of stronger presumptions of a contradictory nature, that the invention of the organ is the work of her genius.

On the other feature mentioned in her life, namely: that the sweetness of her voice attracted celestial groups, opinion is not so unanimous. But since the Most High himself was pleased to descend on the altar of the Catacombs before which she used to sing, and refused not the homage of her delicious melody, there is nothing hyperbolical in the statement that his admiring myriads would present themselves to the vision of a creature, who served the same God, and loved him as well, who had as noble a nature and for whom greater things had been done, and whose final destiny was companionship with themselves. Yes, there is nothing hyperbolical in the idea, that since the King of Kings listened to her song, His legions would constitute themselves her especial audience. Nor need we be incredulous as to the other points in her character, which represents her as having received angelic instruction. We know that her beautiful mind was the gift of the Creator, and we cannot be skeptical as to the possibility of her having been provided by the same bountiful source with heavenly guides for the development of the noble faculties with which he endowed her. The skies produced manna for the nurture of the Israelites; the rocks of the desert became pregnant with water to quench their thirst; the king of birds—and here that noble gazer of the sun may be truly called the royal messenger of Holy Jove, supplied one of the Prophets with fruit and honey. Believing these things, what produces foolish incredulity in some persons when they read that a beautiful and sanctified lady received seraphic training? He who reaped the blue fields above and cast down their fragrant produce on the sandy desert with omnipotent profusion, could commission a heavenly chorister to instruct in psalmody a pious Virgin, who, for His honor, resigned the rank and voluptuousness which exalted birth, dazzling beauty, and an immense fortune could ensure. He who directed a feathered minister to convey the spontaneous luxuries of the wild orchard and meadow to an exiled servant, could authorize a winged Cherub to instil the music notes of Heaven into that sanctuary of grace, where the Deity himself loves to reside—the spotless soul of a Virgin.

These are the facts and traditions that appear in the musical life of St. Cecilia—some of them supernatural, to be sure; but none of them such as do not naturally belong to her as the Patroness of Sacred Music.

There are other features in her life. Fortune, position, and comeliness distinguished her. These, though rare blessings, were opposed by splendid troubles; she regretted her wealth, because it excited honor and flattery, she did not love her rank, for she preferred to be humble.

But Cecilia was a wealthy heiress, and she could not always play that character in retirement. Palace halls, and great people, must not be always forsaken for an underground chapel and undistinguished Christians. She was too conspicuous a lady to be exempt from troubles. Her parents, her creed, her wealth and her beauty, exposed her to the most repulsive inconveniences; she began to suffer the thorns of life. Like the beautiful rose, she was encircled by them. To womanhood and dangers she advanced with the same step. Her parents were strictly Catholic, but they were extravagantly ambitious. High rank, great wealth and a most beautiful and gifted daughter, are sufficient to turn the heads of doting fathers and mothers. Before the minds of such persons, nothing dances but splendid alliances, equipage, lofty mansions, state and retinue. Thus thought and felt the parents of Saint Cecilia, and she began to feel that domestic authority is sometimes a despotism. Her patrician sire dreaded the extinction of his ancient house, and the broad maternal imagination of his stately wife was gorgeously filled up with the fine prospect of having a distinguished son-in-law. They did not consult her disposition—they listened only to the suggestions of their tremendous pride. Parents' right with them extended to the absolute selection of vocations. In vain did she urge more elevated desires—they listened not. Their pious generosity was aggressive. They could not believe that two sacraments were sufficient for the capacity of their child. She must embrace a third, and that was the popular one of matrimony. Sacraments merely spiritual and quite unseen in their effects, could not appease the thirst of their sensible minds—they wanted one of pompous ceremony—one that would make a noise in the great metropolis—one that would insure the perpetuation of their blood — one that would redound with physical emolument and gratification to themselves, rather than those silently approached in the gloomy catacombs. She was informed that she must marry. Of the parental decree there would be no revocation. Arrangements were set on foot for the disposal of her hand. To Valerian, a young and distinguished idolator, she was about to be consecrated as wife.

The nuptial arrangements were commenced. Her father's palace put on a wedding suit; but the bustle of splendid preparation sounded heavily on her spirit. The mansion of her intended husband, pagan pride and patrician wealth, conspired to make magnificent and gay; but the proceedings of the devoted Valerian only disturbed her pure imagination.

The eventful evening arrived, there was a great pageant on the spot, a magnificent assemblage was present, satisfaction beamed on them all, but she was far from being joyful. The costly robes of the bride she assumed with reluctance. The rich garments gave her a stricken heart. Her gentle hands—those beautiful members that made ravishing music leap to heaven from the silver openings of a miraculous instrument, did not smooth down the spotless dress—she had no smile on her face, nor did she anticipate the glances of the impassionate pagan—her eyes were down, her tears were flowing—they glittered more beautifully on her virgin face than the diamond pebbles that decorated her attire—she had no friend on earth, was her deep exclamation, as slowly and sadly they advanced to the place of ceremony. It was commenced, but never terminated. She made no vows of fidelity to a man—she could not divorce herself from Heaven; and her faithfulness was the cause of the immediate conversion and withdrawal of the ambitious idolator. Hymen was thwarted; Cecilia was victorious. Her parents were defeated, but all was not over yet. Putting down domestic injustice was not the only triumph she was destined to make—with the loss of her life it was her glory to make a far greater one; and by a singular coincidence it was the fate of Valerian to set a splendid example.

Religious persecution was recommenced at the time with fearful vigor, and that nobleman's profession of Christianity set the bailiffs of all the gods in Rome on his track. They sacrificed him, but they could not deprive him of Catholic fortitude, and of Roman firmness. He fell like a patrician, and the noise of his splendid prostration shook the pillars of the Pantheon.

It was soon the fortune of the lady who was betrothed to him, to be tried at the same bar of pagan infallibility. She was a noble victim, and the high priests of Jupiter were determined to have her blood, or her apostacy; she was a patrician heiress, her Catholicity was too much for paganism, and she must recant or perish; she was a gifted virgin, the persecutors were ambitious of procuring spotless female offerings; she was immensely rich, the confiscation of her property would compensate for her degeneracy from the ancient creed; she had something supernatural in her character, which the zealous divinities could not suffer, and she must die or be converted. Game so precious could not escape. But to escape she made no attempt; she courted arrest; she was hunted as if she had taken flight; she was pursued as if the resisting of the old faith depended on her death, or upon her renunciation. Her seizure was not entrusted to the inferior officers of the pagan church; the leading ecclesiastics themselves undertook to make the arrest. On the morning of it, they proceeded to her house with the most imposing pageantry. A long procession was formed; the soldiers of the empire led the way with fierce looks and drawn sabres; then came the high priests arrayed in their most solemn vestments, some of them bearing sacrificing knives in their hands, some, the fasces of the state, some carrying in their arms statues of Jupiter and of the minor deities, and some bore on pikes the heads of martyred Christians. The cavalcade was brought up by inferior churchmen, mounted regiments, and nearly the whole city. Her siately palace was soon encompassed; but she was not there,—she was at the Church of the Catacombs singing with miraculous power. Thither the pursuers advanced with malice, with frenzy and with haste. They entered it with bustle and uproar. She was not intimidated. She made no expostulations, but against unmanly violence that was offered. They dragged her out, and seated her upon a lofty vehicle brought for the occasion. How beautiful she looked upon the car of sacrifice, dressed in white, with a purple cincture, her head uncovered, the blushes of innocence sparkling on her face, no tear in her eye,—but the fires of genius, and the fires of fortitude lit them up. Many a Catholic heart heaved for her on that day; and many an idolatrous one was converted while that bloody retinue was proceeding back to the court of trial. Never had that tribunal a more solemn appearance, the altar of Jupiter had a voracious look; it had a panoply of ornaments typifying the sanctity and omnipotence of that god. The bench wore the ermine of state, covered with devices representing the union between the glory of Rome and the pagan religion. On it sat the Pontifix Magimus, and the leading councillors of the empire. The galleries were crowded with the nobies of the city. The whole temple was filled with solemnity, with priests, statesmen, soldiers, and the populace; but nothing terrified Cecilia. The charge against her was read, and she declared herself guilty. The most splendid offers were made her to return to idolatry; she spurned their generosity. The consequence of her firmness were announced; she invited their execution. And Romans though they were—king people though they boasted themselves to be, they were degraded enough—they were ferocious enough to proceed against a gentle, unoffending female. Roman tyranny was not adequate to Roman virtue.

The consequence of Cecilia's negation of idolatry was the unanimous sentence of death; and the most terrible mode of execution was immediately tried. To make her a whole burnt offering to the gods she spurned was deemed the fittest way of appeasing their vengeance, and a blazing furnace was the altar of sacrifice. To this she was conducted by brutal soldiers. In it she was locked up by insensate priets. But flaming iron did not constitute the gate of death for Cecilia. Producing no terror in her mind, it did not consume her person,—her flesh, animated with celestial fire was too spiritual for burning metal to act upon; and the fire of that furnace became cold, its iron became soft; the blaze evaporated into a fragrant atmosphere. Cecilia was taken out, untouched—unscorched, and firmer than ever!

But her persecutors were unsoftened still. This miracle did not lessen their ferocity—it only excited it. They cursed the interposition that thwarted their designs, and while confounded at the inability of blazing iron to burn their victim, they swore that stout arms would not fail. This diabolical oath was observed with faith corresponding to the wickedness that suggested it. The decapitation of the fair Cecilia on a public block gave evidence of the fearful threat. Thus ended the life of one who stands unique in the annals of the Church. By her genius she ornamented it; by leading a virginal life in opposition to parental authority, in spite of the most splendid seductions, and breaking all these down with a miracle, she proved her sanctity; and by shedding her blood for it, she became one of its most illustrious martyrs. St. Cecilia, pray for us!

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

THE SEPULCHRAL TUMULI OF IRELAND.

Although the tombs or cemeteries of our Pagan ancestors do not properly fall within the range of the present work, still they are amongst the most interesting of our national monuments, and serve to establish our claim to an antiquity far beyond that of most European nations. Scattered all over the face of the country, and overgrown with the grass of ages, they contribute much to the picturesque character of many an Irish landscape. And to those who can understand their mute language what a tale they tell!—what a long record do they bear! Back, back through the mist of years, back far beyond the Christian era, beyond the Milesian settlement in Ireland, to the days when the world was still in the first phase of its existence. We talk with wonder and admiration of the amazing antiquity of the pyramids of Egypt, but there is little doubt that some, at least, of the sepulchral mounds of Ireland, are coeval with those great enigmas. They are, themselves, surrounded with a solemn and mysterious character because their origin lies far back in the shades of time, and from their construction they are evidently the work of a primitive people, or rather of various races of primitive people, already sunk in the elementary idolatry of the early world. Some of those mounds are so large as to contain within themselves a small cemetery. The interior, when excavated, is reached by a long stone passage, covered in with enormous flags. This generally ends in a sort of chamber with smaller ones all around, all composed of the same Cyclopean stone-work, the whole covered over with dry earth so as to form the exterior mound. On the stones used in the internal construction of the cairns, there is found a great variety of sculptured figures, plants, and mystic characters, supposed by some of our best antiquarians to be somewhat analogous to the famous Ogham. Within the churches, differing in size and decoration, probably according to the rank of the entombed person, there are, or have been, found cinerary urns of various shapes and sizes, which doubtless contained the ashes of the dead. In many instances, bones are found unscathed by fire, showing that the dead were not invariably burned by these early pagans. Many curious relics have been found in the tumuli, showing that the arts were far from being unknown to these forgotten tribes, whoever they might have been. Few valuables have been found in modern times within the cairns, but this does not prove that they were never placed there, for our Annalists give minute and accurate accounts of the Danes having opened and plundered these mysterious tombs. From these records it is quite clear that some of them came within the historic or traditionary period, for the Annalists mention them by the names of remarkable personages of the elder day.

Three of the greatest of these sepulchral mounds, namely, those of New Grange, Nowth and Dowth, are situate along the banks of the river, within an area of a few miles, much of the intervening land having been evidently a pagan cemetery. These cairns, then, must have been originally raised over some personage of exalted rank or distinguished reputation. Near-by the site of the ancient town of Drogheda was another mound,* scarcely inferior to the other three in size. This is known in Irish chronicles as "the cave of the wife of Gobhan." At Clonard, also on the Boyne, but several miles nearer its source, there is another magnificent cairn. Not far from this latter monument stood, in more recent times, the great monastery founded by St. Finian, for ages one of the most flourishing institutions in Ireland, now a group of shattered ruins.

In the year of our Lord 862, three Danish princes named Amlaff, Tinar and Aiorsle, led a large force into the fertile territory of Bregia, and plundering the country far and near were about to return to their stronghold of Dublin, when it occurred to them that the great cairns looming up in the distance from the rich valley of the Boyne were likely to contain treasures. Pagans, themselves, and having sepulchral tumuli in their own country, they well knew that it had been from the earliest times customary for persons of rank to be buried with rich ornaments and weapons, and they had no scruple about ransacking Irish cairns, whatever they might have done at home. It is probable that they would have resisted to the death any attempt to disturb the ashes of their own ancestors, but that was quite another affair, so to work they went, doubtless to the great horror and indignation of the natives, digging away the accumulated soil of ages till they opened a passage for themselves to the interior.

New Grange, the largest of all the tumuli, was first ransacked by the plundering Northmen, and what they got there no man knew except themselves, for they carefully concealed the amount of their treasures from the native Irish. Whatever their success might have been at New Grange, they extended their search to Nowth and Dowth, rifling one after the other with wonderful ease and rapidity, considering the trouble of opening the mounds. It is more than probable that they found sufficient treasures in New Grange to induce them to undertake the labor of opening the other cairns.

These mounds by the Boyne side have been aptly styled the great pyramids of Western Europe. Of the cairn of New Grange it is said, that "it may, in one point, at least, challenge comparison with any Celtic monument known to exist, inasmuch as the mighty stones of which its gallery and chambers are composed, exhibit a profusion of ornamental design, consisting of spiral, lozenge, and zig-zag work, such as is usually found upon the torques, urns, weapons, and other remains of pagan times in Ireland. We shall here say nothing of its probable antiquity, as it is anterior to the age of alphabetic writing; and indeed it would be in vain to speculate upon the age of a work situate upon the banks of the Boyne, which, if found upon the banks of the Nile, would be styled a pyramid, and perhaps be considered the oldest of all the pyramids of Egypt. The cairn, which even in its present ruinous condition measures about seventy feet in height, from a little distance presents the appearance of a grassy hill partially wooded; but, upon examination, the coating of earth is found to be altogether superficial, and in several places the stones, of which the hill is entirely composed, are laid bare."* . . . "It is said to cover nearly two acres, and is 400 paces in circumference. . . . A few yards from the outer circle of the mound, there appears to have stood originally a circle of enormous detached blocks of stone, placed at intervals of about ten yards from each other. Ten of these still exist on the south-eastern side. Such is the present appearance of this stupendous relic of ancient pagan times, probably one of the oldest Celtic monuments in the world, which has elicited the wonder, and called forth the admiration of all who have visited it, and has engaged the attention of nearly every distinguished antiquary, not only of the British isles, but of Europe generally. . . . This mound is hollow; it contains a large chamber, formed by stones of enormous magnitude, and is accessible through a narrow passage, also formed of stones of great size, placed together without mortar or cement; and considering their bulk, and the positions they occupy, exciting our astonishment how such Cyclopean masonry could have been erected by a people who were, in all probability, unacquainted with those mechanical powers so necessary in the erection of modern buildings. Moreover, although some of the stones, both within and without this tumulus, bear marks of being water-worn, and were probably lifted from the bed of the Boyne, others belong to a class of rock not found in the neighborhood at all; some are basaltic, and others must have been transported here from the Mourne Mountains. . . . As all is perfect darkness within the cavern, it is necessary to illuminate it in order to form any just idea of its figure or extent. When about half lighted up, and we begin to perceive the size and character of this great hive-shaped dome, and its surrounding crypts, formed by the uncertain light of our tapers, an air of mystery steals over the senses—a religious awe pervades the place."†

The mound of Nowth has never been opened since Amlaff and his Danes penetrated its dark recesses, and were it not for the testimony of the Annals none would suppose that it ever had been opened to the light of day.

The tumulus of Dowth is internally so much like that of New Grange that any description of it would be superfluous here. There is, however, this difference, that instead of having, like the cairn New Grange, but one great gallery leading to the centre, the mound of Dowth has the remains of two passages to which no chamber has yet been discovered, but in another portion of the mound, a cruciform chamber, and a passage almost exactly like that of New Grange—though much smaller in their respective proportions—have been found.

Now within the area which contains these three great mounds our antiquarians have discovered as many as twenty cairns, or *barrows* of various sizes, many of them, as it were, miniature imitations of the larger, with the same distinctive features. Who, then, were the people who raised these barrows over their dead? Were they Tuathe-de-Danaans, that weird race traditionally described by their Milesian successors in the land as a people much skilled in magic? Truly the enormous masses of stone thus conveyed over hills and mountains for a distance of many miles and fitted together with such wondrous art would seem to justify the belief. And, moreover, the greatest tumulus of all, that of New Grange, is mentioned in the Annals as the Cave of the Field of Aldai, the ancestor of the Tuatha-de-Danaan Kings of Ireland. Some of them may belong to the magnates of the Firbolg tribes, but this is not very likely, for it is well known that the Tuatha-de-Danaans were the lords and masters, and the Firbolgs the Helots or slaves who appear to have been, in every sense, an inferior as they were a subject race. It is, then, most probable that these mysterious sepulchres and cemeteries are monuments both of the Tuatha-de-Danaans and of the proud Milesians by whom they, in their turn, were conquered.

That the latter people were in the habit of raising mounds over their dead, we have abundant proof in their authentic records. To *raise the heap* was for ages the Milesian phrase for erecting a monument. The following passage, taken from O'Connor's *Chronicles of Eri*, will serve to illustrate the mode of interment practised by our early pagan ancestors. Its extreme beauty and exquisite pathos will also make it acceptable to our readers.

THE DEATH OF EOCHAID, A PAGAN KING OF IRELAND, 663 B. C.

Taltan, the chief physician, had just discovered that the king was in imminent danger. Whereupon Eochaid said: "Let my sons Fionn and Eochaid be called, and let word be sent to Mur Olamain, that Neartan and Muinid come hither, and with them Ardfear and Cairbre my sons."

And when Neartan and Muinid were in the chamber where the king was lying, Ardfear and Cairbre in our hands, Fionn and Eochaid with Taltan stood beside the bed; and the face of the king was turned away from them.

And when the door was opened, he strove to turn his body, but could not; and he called upon Taltan to move him.

And he looked on us; and when he saw our faces steeped in sorrow, he smiled—how lovely was the smile of Eochaid! and he said:

"Why be ye sorrowful, my friends? Who—what that hath been produced, that hath not ceased?

"Three score and eight rings* have I been on the earth in peace, save the one day on which Noid fell, no fault of mine. Of that time I have sat two score rings on the seat of my fathers in Ulad,† and one score and sixteen rings on the throne of Eri.

"Have I, through these many courses, raised my voice so high, that the words of the law were not heard for the instant? Let it be said of the king—he was a man; and his eye, seeing the weakness of his fellow, whispered to his heart to pity where law did sternly condemn."

After enumerating the happy changes effected in the land during his reign, the good king continues:

"How hath it happed that Eri standeth proudly as she doth? What did the king that all these things have come to pass?

"Hear the words of Eochaid, my sons:

"'They have been the work of the *Olam*,‡ who poured into my mind lessons of wisdom in the words of truth; that have instructed me to rule myself, to keep my passions in subjection to my reason, and to do unto all as I would have all do unto me.'"

Now the pains of the king became excessive, and he said: "If Fionn, my son, and Neartan, and Taltan, would remain nigh unto me, and let not Muinid and my children be far off."

* * * * * * *

And on the next day, princes, chiefs, and the people of the Gael swarmed round Dun Sobairce; and loud lamentations were uttered. Oh, that they could but look on the king!

And when the words of the children of Ullad came to the ear of Eochaid, he said:

"What though my strength admitted not that I may go forth, let me be borne on the arms of my children into the presence of the Gael."

And Taltan sought to persuade him from it, but Eochaid said: "I will be borne hence; where can a king breathe for the last time with greater glory than in the midst of the people, their hearts full of love towards him?"

And when he was carried forth, his four sons, Fionn, Eochaid, Ardfear, and Cairbre, bearing him up, the wailings of the people made the air to quiver: and from the rocks were returned, and on the waves of the sea were rolled back the plaintive sounds of the voices of the children of the land.

And he was placed standing, for he said: "My foot shall feel the land of Eri, whilst my voice shall be raised in the hearing of the people."

And his voice was yet strong, and he spake aloud: "For the full course of two score rings hath Eochaid ruled in Ullad; this day manifesteth unto me the fulfilment of my chiefest hopes. Flattery doth not follow to the verge of life. That the one law should be for all the children of Eri; that all should be equal in the eye of the law; that the law should be above all continually. To bring these things to pass hath been the care of all the days of the king, his care hath had a full reward. The laws of Eri are laws of peace. Oh, that the time may never come when the passions of men will fling aside the law of peace with the strong arm of violence; then would the evil spirit of discord make low the people, that the hand of power may oppress them.

"Olam of Ullad,—

"Breathe into the minds of the people the knowledge of truth. Tell the children of the land they are men. Tell the king, and the princes, and nobles, they are but men.

"Gael, love as brethren; shed not the blood one of the other. Afflict not the Danaan; is there not a covenant between them and us Overrule not Firgneat; have we not given the hand of peace unto them?"

"Princes, nobles, and Gael,—

"Receive into your hearts the spirit of Eochaid; it will nourish you: let it pass forever from generation to generation, whilst sun, moon, and stars endure, to cherish the earth, and mark the seasons."

* * * * * * * *

And when he had made an end, the Gael were pressing towards him, and the chiefs who were nigh unto him were for staying them. But the king said:

"Nay, not so; let the people see and hear me whilst they yet may; it cannot be long till the heap shall be raised over me."

And some few of the priests drew nigh, and they made obeisance before the king; and they lifted up their hands, and they did beseech Baal, that the spirit of the king might become a good spirit, on the confines of the dwelling of Baal.

And Eochaid smiled, and said: "Prithee, hold thy peace, where my spirit shall abide doth not depend on thee.

"Priests, guard the fire, and note the seasons, minister to the way-faring one, and the stranger far from the voice of his kindred."

* * * * * * * *

Now he became worse till the sixth day, when he breathed for the last time.

And the children of Ullad gathered themselves round Dun Sobairce; and on the ninth day the weight of Eochaid was borne from the chamber wherein it lay.

And a way was opened in the midst of the congregation. And the chiefs of Targael, Larne, Ardtain, and Dun Dalgan, bear the weight of Eochaid. And all the nobles of Ullad moved before them! And the four sons of the king moved close to the dead: and the princes of Eri followed! And all the matrons and damsels did step after! And the Olam and the judges walked on this side, and the heads of the people on that side, of the form of him they were no more to see. And the many thousands of Ullad moved along on every side.

Now what time the bearers had reached to the house of death, Baal had withdrawn the light of his countenance from the eyes of the children of Ullad.

And Muinid, Ard Olam of Dun Sobairce, with the youths, and the bards, and minstrels, were

* This mound is now surmounted by the circular fort of Millmount, which commands the entire town, with some miles of the river Boyne.

* Wakeman's *Irish Antiquities*, p. 22.

† Wilde's *Boyne and Blackwater*, pp. 190, 192, 195.

* Years. † Ulster. ‡ Philosophers, or learned men.

standing round about the heap, with torches to inflame the air of night. And when the weight of the king was laid on the rollers, the minstrels did play lamentably, and the women did sing piteously. And Muinid raised the death-song: is it not amongst the writings of the bards of Mur Olamain of Dun Sobairce?

And when the stones were rolled to the entrance of the heap, the bards and minstrels, women and damsels, poured forth the mournful dirge of lamentation, whilst the men looked on the earth with eyes of woe.

The whole congregation stood around the heap through the night; and when Baal showed himself in the freshness of his strength, the whole host turned their faces towards the sun, and bowed the head.

Then I, Neartan, from the summit of the heap, strove to raise my voice in vain; as I could, I spoke, and said:

"Eochaid, the son of Fiaca, of the race of Cier, son of the hero, king in Ullád, Ard-ri that hath been, is laid in the house of darkness, on the bed of ever-during sleep. What though eye shall no more behold him; what though ear shall no more hear the music of his voice, uttering enchanting lessons of wisdom; his spirit shall be immortal."

And the congregation took their departure.

This, then, is the history of one sepulchral mound, but unhappily we have no means of identifying "the heap" wherein Eochaid was thus solemnly laid. Still the history of one is the history of all, and the touching story of Eochaid's death—from which Christian princes might learn wisdom—may serve to throw some light on the mysterious cairns of the Boyne, "the great pyramids of Western Europe"—the most wonderful monuments of early Celtic art.

—In our next, FOUNDATION OF THE SCOTTISH MONARCHY BY THE SONS OF ERC, A. D. 503.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Indian News.—Critical Position of Havelock and Outram.—Oude united and in Arms.—Meeting for Indian Reform.—Affairs in Parliament.—Havelock a thousand pounds richer.—The Bengal Petition.—The Bank Indemnity Bill—Lord Shaftesbury and the Bishops.—Lord John Russell and the Hebrews.—The Engineers of the Cagliari.—The Divorce Act.—The Princess Royal's Marriage.—The Earl of Musgrave.—The Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.—Opening of the Metropolitan Church, Dublin.

LONDON, 11th December, 1857.

The news by the special steamer from Calcutta to Suez brings intelligence which even the most sanguine look upon as redoubling the anxiety already felt as to the ultimate fate of of Havelock and Outram. A large insurgent army completely hemmed them in and communications between the two generals were almost entirely cut off. They had only been able to communicate once, and provisions were running so short that they were obliged to sacrifice the artillery bullocks. The convoys of provisions, announced by preceding arrivals as having been received could not possibly have reached the garrison. The relievers of Lucknow, as I have already observed, are in want of immediate relief. The combined forces of the surrounded generals amount to about fourteen hundred men of whom but half are set to be fit for duty. Hunger was likely to be a terrible ally of the Sepoys. The garrison could scarcely be expected to hold out until the 10th of last month before which time succor could not possibly reach them. Colonel Greathed had arrived at Cawnpore where he was joined by troops that raised his force to about four thousand men, British, Ghoorkas and Sikhs. He was ordered by Sir Colin Campbell to remain at Cawnpore probably from discretionary motives. Sir Colin himself intended pushing into Oude with the utmost possible despatch, but the probability is, that Havelock would have succumbed before his arrival. Outram is stated to have been wounded in a desperate sortie which was repulsed by the insurgents. The Commander-in-Chief was certain to meet a warm reception on his entry into Oude, not only at the hands of the Sepoys and the inhabitants of Delhi who had retreated into that country, but also on the part of the entire population, headed by the proprietors of the soil. The King of Delhi's life is to be spared, according to the promise of the officer to whom he gave himself up. It is about time to commence playing the honorable. More atrocities have been discovered at Delhi; it seems that during the siege the Sepoys burned all the English soldiers they could get, and left nothing of them except the "Queen's buttons." These latter have been found. This story is at least as happily imagined as the fable of the unfortunate Mrs. Farquharson, whom the Sepoys sawed to death between two boards, though she was thousands of miles away from India at the time of her horrible death. It seems besides that many of those reported dead are still in excellent health, and suffering only from fright. The insurrection in Bengal is said to be at a stand still; it is not surprising, from the fact that there are now but two regiments that have not revolted. The exact truth of the case is, that the first step in putting down the insurrection is yet to be made, and the insurgents were never in higher spirits. I beg you particularly to remark that I have this statement from *English* sources. Troops are said to be arriving in Calcutta in numbers which a careful comparison of dates of sailing shows to be erroneous. The next intelligence is looked for with an anxiety which it is impossible to describe.

A meeting convened for the purpose of considering the policy of continuing the present form of Government in India, was held at the London Tavern on Wednesday. Mr. Gilpin, M.P., who occupied the chair, expressed his opinion that the gross misgovernment of India was the sole cause of the present insurrection. It was unanimously resolved that the existing system had excited general hatred and disaffection, had "nearly" caused the loss of India, and it was expedient it should cease; that though the East India Company might, by its unscrupulous employment of force and fraud, be calculated to spread the Empire, it was evidently unfitted for inspiring confidence in British honor or for strengthening British power, and that the supremacy of the Sovereign and Parliament should alone be recognized in India. It was subsequently moved by Ernest Jones that there can be no security for the proper government of India without a thorough reform of the system of representation. A petition, based on those resolutions, is to be drawn up and sent to the House of Commons. Alas! poor John Company!

Her Majesty's answer to the address was brought up in both houses on Monday: in the Lords, by the Earl of St. Germains; in the Commons, by Lord Castlerope. Both replies were couched in identical terms. Her Majesty was thankful to both houses for their loyal and dutiful address; they might rely on Her Majesty's cordial co-operation in all measures calculated to promote the welfare and prosperity of her people in all parts of her dominions. What circumlocution!

Messages were likewise brought down to both houses, recommending them to enable Her Majesty to secure to Sir Henry Havelock a pension of £1,000 per annum. They were agreed to on Tuesday, and Havelock is now a cool thousand richer than he was. Will he ever enjoy it is a difficult question to solve, for ere now the fate of Lucknow has been decided. On the 10th, in the Commons, Mr. Wise presented a petition from the inhabitants of Calcutta and the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, praying for the abolition of the government of the East India Company and the removal of the Governor General. It was read by the clerk. The Bank Indemnity Bill was read a third time on Monday and passed, some formal amendments having been previously introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Shaftesbury, who has given his name to the Religious Worship Act Amendment Bill, called for by the prohibition of the special services in Exeter Hall by the clerical authorities of the parish in which that evangelical building is situated, has had a passage at arms with the Bishops as to the good effected by those services. The Bishop of St. David's doubted whether the success of the Exeter Hall Services had been as great as was stated, and whether the working classes had attended in such numbers as was supposed. The second reading of the bill was postponed until the 8th February. The measure provides no incumbent of any parish can prohibit any ordained minister of the Established Church from taking part in any occasional religious meeting in any building not usually devoted to purposes of religious worship, unless such prohibition be in the writing of the incumbent countersigned and sealed by the Bishop of the diocese. Lawn and Legislation again at loggerheads.

On Thursday, Lord John Russell moved that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the disabilities of the Jews. The bill of last year contained a simple form of oath to be taken by all her Majesty's subjects. His Lordship now proposed to add the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," these words, however, to be omitted when Jews presented themselves. Sir F. Thesiger said it had been agreed that there should be no opposition made to the first reading of the bill on the understanding that it would not be pressed to a second reading. Lord John complained of being accused of acting under the influence of Israelitish capital. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

The martyrs of English Fillibusterism in Italy, the two Engineers of the *Cagliari*, on one of whom was found a letter from the famous Miss White, will not be the cause of a declaration of war against Naples. Though Englishmen they will have to take their trial according to the Neapolitan laws, like ordinary mortals. The reports of their bad treatment in prison were fabrications of the most audacious kind.

The order in Council directing the coming into operation of the Divorce Act on the 11th January has been issued.

This fact reminds me that the Princess Royal's marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia will take place on the 25th of the same month.

The Earl of Musgrave has been appointed Governor of Nova Scotia in the place of Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, who is nominated Governor of Malta.

The motion to issue a new writ for the representation of the County Mayo has been agreed to.

The Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, in a letter from the Hon. Secretary, Captain Fishbourne, state that for "obvious reasons" they cannot enter into any controversy with Archbishop Cullen. The "reasons" are "obvious" enough.

The Metropolitan Church, Marlborough street, Dublin, was opened on the Festival of the Immaculate Conception by his Grace the Archbishop, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bombay, and a number of ecclesiastical dignitaries. An eloquent Sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Mr. McCabe.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The French Press on the Queen's Speech.—On Indian Affairs.—Suspension of the PRESSE.—M. Dupin.—Notre Dame des Arts.—Visit of the Cardinal Archbishop.—The Secretary of the Archbishopric.—New Convents.—Mgr. Barili.—Gen. D'Orgoni.—Catholicity in the Birman Empire and Protestantism in British India.—The Bishop of Agra.—Unpublished Letters of St. Charles Borromeo.—&c., &c.

PARIS, 7th Dec., 1857.

The general opinion of the French Press with regard to the Queen's speech is that it is "pale" insignificant and far from answering the general expectation. "As regards the great question of India," says the *Gazette de France* "it would be difficult to say less than her Majesty has said." The same journal looks upon it as remarkable that the British government should express itself in language so equivocal on the grave question in which is concentrated all the interest of the moment. If England was as convinced of the justice of her cause in India, as people pretend, she would not have spoken in these ambiguous terms. A bold, eloquent proclamation was expected, and not a mere lawyer's speech every word of which is calculated to gain time without appearing to abandon the discussion of the great question of the day.

A remarkable change is taking place in the opinion of the few Paris journals who upheld the cause of England in India. Her most able advocate here, the *Debats*, now daily reproaches the English with the crimes and cruelties which have followed their real or imaginary successes. After remarking that England cannot bring back "the barbarous justice of the Middle Ages," and giving her some good advice, the *Debats* says: "It is not only in the name of morality that we give this advice to our neighbors; we address them also in the name of policy, and it is probable that such language *will touch them more nearly.*" What a compliment to the morality of our neighbors!

The *Siecle* says: "Sanguinary acts have an impolitic aspect which immediately strikes one—Is it not *imprudent* to drive the people to despair?" The *Pays* (semi-official), in an article reviewing the course of the English in India since the commencement of the revolution, and the present position of affairs, speaks of the fate of the two sons of the King of Delhi, "who, after having surrendered themselves, confiding in English honor, were pitilessly massacred." As to the present prospects it says: "We now see General Havelock reduced to inaction in a little Residency a few miles from Lucknow, which he has vainly endeavored to relieve. Lucknow is a large and strong city, in no way inferior to Delhi, and now it is necessary to commence a second siege, more perilous, more difficult than the first, with the prospect that *the taking of Lucknow will do no more for the extinction of the revolt than the siege of Delhi.*"

The galled jade *will* wince and the *Times* has been obliged to essay a reply to the manifold accusations of cruelty and demoniac revenge. You have no doubt already perused the evasive article of the *Times*, who, attempts justification by singling out from the mass of atrocities imputed to the charge of the English an isolated case and endeavoring to disprove it.

The suspension for two months of the *Presse*, democratic, socialist and general progress organ, has caused a certain sensation in the world of journalism. The *Presse* had already received three warnings, one in March, 1853, the second on the 24th of March, 1854, and the third on the 26th of March, 1857. The article which caused the suspension is signed by M. A. Peyrat. It is said therein, that for "some months past, a vague shudder has run though the universal conscience"; and further, "this is evidently the hour of decisive revolutions. The problems which pre-occupy the political world are being simplified. Parties close up their rank and count their men—from one end of Europe to the other, a voice seems to cry to us: Arise and march! Ought we, living only by our souvenirs and our regrets sink ourselves still further into despondency? Ought the revolutionary party imitate the Legitimists, whom abstention has reduced to nullity? We have counted ourselves: we know that we are a large party devoted to the Revolution," &c., &c. The general opinion is, that those rebulous phrases were scarely worth the notoriety of suppression.

M. Dupin, the present Imperial Procureur General of the Count of Cassation has been raised to the dignity of Senator. The meritorious institution of Notre Dame des Arts in the Rue du Rocher was honored on Wednesday last by a visit from his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. A numerous assembly composed of the *elite* of Parisian society received the distinguished vistor. The institution of Notre Dame des Arts does for the daughters and orphans of civil and military functionaries, artists, literary men, physicians, savans, what Louis XIV. did for the education of the daughters of nobles without fortune—what Napoleon did at Saint Denis for the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor. It owes its foundation to Mme. la Comtesse d'Anglars de Bassignac who with a rare abnegation sacrificed her fortune to realize her pious and patriotic project. The devoted lady has had the happiness of seeing her noble work appreciated and sympathized with by the highest circles in Paris. Notre Dame des Arts is patronized by the most eminent men of the Capital in literature, art, commerce and politics. His Eminence arrived at two o'clock accompanied by his private Secretary, the Abbe Cuttoli, and was received by the Abbe Coquereau, and the Directors of the Institution, Leon Cogniet, member of the French Institute, Count de Barthelemy, M. Marmontel, Professor at the Conservatoire, the Marquis de Bethisyre. Among the lady patronesses were the Baroness Gudin, Mme. Emile de Girardin, the Marchiones de Blaisel, &c. The president reported the position of the Institution and in the name of the Superioress and the Committee expressed his gratitude to the Cardinal-Archbishop for the encouragement he gave them by his presence. A beautiful little girl then delivered an address to the Cardinal-Archbishop, to which his Eminence replied in words of paternal kindness. In conclusion, Monseigneur encouraged the children and thanked in the name of religion and humanity the benevolent persons who united to second the generous inspiration of the Superioress.

By the aid of a subscription given by a number of families, the worthy religious who direct this Institution, educate the orphans gratuitously, and require from the daughters of living subscribers, a pension of only 600 francs. The education given is complete, and the arts are practically studied. The musical department is under the direction of Professor Marmontel, of the Conservatory of Music, and that of drawing and painting under the supervision of M. Leon Cogniet, of the Institute. The pupils are surrounded with all the care that their religious education requires, and the Institution is situated in one of the healthiest and most retired quarters of Paris.

His Eminence, Cardinal Morlot, has appointed the Abbe Charles, honorary Canon, ex-director of the Petit Seminaire de Paris secretary of the Archbishopric.

The *Bulletin des Lois*, publishes decrees authorising the foundation of a convent of Sisters of Notre Dame de Graces at Avignon, of Sisters of the Savior and the Blessed Virgin, at Clermont Ferrand, of the Sisters of St Charles' at Marseilles, of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, at Lucenay-l'Eveque, of the Sisters of St. Paul, at Bu, and of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at Havre. A decree recognises as a community under the direction of a local superioress the association of Ursuline Nuns of the Presentation already existing at Aup.

A letter to the *Moniteur* states that Monsignor Barili was consecrated, on the 1st of November, Bishop of the Cathedral of Ancona. Mgr. Barili filled the office of Apostolic Nuncio at Santa Fe, Bogota, and is now sent to occupy the same position at the Court of Madrid. Mgr. Barili has since arrived at Marseilles on his way to Spain. He has chosen the land route, and will pass a few days with Mgr. Donnet at Bordeaux. His Eminence arrived at Marseilles in the *Vesuvio*, on board which vessel was General D'Orgoni, the Birman Ambassador. • The General has obtained from the Holy Father all he desired for the good of the Catholic Church in the Birman Empire: an apostolical vicar and a colony of missionaries to instruct the inhabitants in the Gospel. The Sovereign of that country generously offers to contribute to the establishments of charity and instruction to be founded by the Christians. The way in which Catholicity is received by the people of the Birman Empire furnishes a strong contrast to the manner in which Anglo-Saxon Protestantism is received by their neighbors in British India.

The former Bishop of Agra, belonging to the Order of Capuchins, has arrived in Lyons at the Convent of the Order. The venerable prelate's health has been impaired by the painful duties of his ministry in India. He has resigned his episcopal charge and come back to end his days in the midst of his brethren.

A letter from Parma states that there are in the private library of H. R. H. the reigning Duchess, several unpublished letters of Saint Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan. The Duchess has placed them at the disposal of the reverend Canon Aristide Sala, who is about to publish a work entitled: *Documents concerning the life and acts of Saint Charles Borromeo.*

Mgr. Kobes, apostolic pro-vicar of the two Guineas, has just left Toulon for the Western African mission, accompanied by several missionary priests of the order of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

A correspondent writing from Jerusalem to the *Gazette du Midi* states that the ladies of Notre Dame de Sion lately established in that city, had bought the sacred ruins of the Pretoire where our Saviour heard the sentence of his condemnation. The daughters of Sion are about to raise again those precious ruins which touch the arch of the *Ecce homo* and form with it the first station of the way of the Cross.

CITY NEWS.

Relics of the Struggle.—Some mementoes of the Revolutionary War, in the shape of cannon balls, as well as parts of chain-shots, were discovered last week at Fort Washington, in the neighborhood of this city. It is unnecessary to remind those conversant with the history of the stirring events which characterized the Revolutionary period, that the British, both by land and water, invested Fort Washington, then garrisoned by a Pennsylvania Regiment, capturing the garrison, and then closely immuring them in a filthy sugar-house, which stood at that period in Liberty street, but which the British had converted into a prison in obtaining possession of the city. No doubt the relics of battle found in the present instance were used by one or either of the contending parties, but most probably by the British. It may not be out of place to state that the captured men met with the most unmitigated cruelty at the hands of their captors; somewhat similar to what has been since accorded to others fighting in a similar cause.

The Orphans.—The collections on Christmas Day in the several churches in this city on behalf of the orphans were most gratifying. At the Church of St. Francis Xavier, West Sixteenth street, the munificent sum of $815 50 was contributed. At St. Mary's, in Grand street, $600 was realized, and at the Cathedral nearly $500 was contributed for the like charitable purpose. We shall most likely publish the entire contributions in a future number.

Fall of a Building.—A building at the corner of Sixth Aveuue and Forty-seventh street, occupied by Messrs. Clark & Bogert as a manufactory, came down with a fearful crash early on Wednesday morning last. The accident was owing to the amount of material stored on the various floors. Fortunately no person was injured. The loss is represented as somewhat considerable. It is astonishing that accidents of the above nature are not of more frequent occurrence when we reflect on the carelessness and haste displayed in the erection of warehouses in New York city.

Carrying off the Cash.—The steamship *Europa*, which left this port on Wednesday of last week, carried out the unprecedented amount of nearly two millions and a half of dollars. This large shipment of gold was intended for the purpose of clearing off a portion of American indebtedness to certain commercial houses in England.

The Meat Market.—There was a slight increase in the price of beef last market day. This was owing to the smallness of the numbers offered. Extra qualities sold at 10 1-2 and 11 cents a pound, while the greater numbers were disposed of at prices ranging from 7 to 10 cents per lb.

Look Out.—A number of counterfeit $3 bills on the John Hancock Bank of Springfield, Mass., have been extensively circulated in this city during the latter part of the past week. A number of persons were arrested charged with attempting to pass them.

Number for a Year.—The number of emigrants landed at this port from Dec. 16, 1856, to Dec. 23, 1857, was 182,963—an increase of 41,540 as compared with the emigration of 1856.

City Mortality.—There were 393 deaths in this city last week, being an increase of 42 as compared with last week.

Mayor Wood has vetoed a resolution passed by the Board of Aldermen to pay the New York *Tribune* the sum of $107 for advertising. The Mayor refused his concurrence on the grounds that the advertisements in question were inserted without authority, that certain newspapers are designated by law as those in which the official proceedings of the Corporation are published, but that, to the credit of that body, the *Tribune* was not among the number, and concludes by asserting that the notoriously libellous and scurrilous character of that obscene sheet properly excludes it from any official recognition by the City authorities; and, further, that in his opinion it should be put under the same ban, as a newspaper, that similar conduct would place an individual, viz., entire exclusion from the families and firesides of all who value the reputation and morals of the community. The above is rather a sorry recommendation, moreover coming, as it does, from the chief magistrate of a large and important city such as this.

The Bark *Almah* was recently captured in this port by Marshall Rynders, under a supposition that she was bound on a Fillibustering expedition. The Marshall's fears proved groundless, however, as the *Almah*, instead of being bound for Nicaragua, was merely destined for Cuba, freighted with dumping carts, wheelbarrows, &c., necessary for the construction of a railroad in that island. Fifty-four laborers were also on board, whom the vigilant Marshall no doubt mistook for fillibusters. After some detention the bark was suffered to proceed on her voyage, and was towed out of the harbor at the Marshall's expense.

At a meeting of the Democracy of this city, at Tammany Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week, John Van Buren criticised very severely the recent conduct, or more properly speaking misconduct, of Senator Douglas, of Illinois, in regard of the Lecompton difficulty. At the meeting in question, the action of the Administration met with very unmistakeable endorsement.

George Law's speculation with regard to the one cent ferry from the foot of James street, alluded to in our last, is doing wonders. The boats are crowded almost to suffocation at every trip, and it is found necessary to build an additional one. Nothing like low prices to insure ready demand and quick profits in the times that are.

Six hundred and thirty-one indigent persons were accommodated with lodgings at the various Station Houses on the night of Tuesday, the 22d ult.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Death of the Very Rev. William Barron, P.P., V.G., Hospital.—With much regret we have to record the death, at the age of 62 years, of this excellent pastor, after a protracted illness, which he bore with the utmost fortitude and resignation to the Divine will. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, and forty of the clergy of the archdiocese, and some from the diocese of Limerick, including the Very Rev. Dr. Cussen, P.P., V.G., Bruff; Rev. Mr. Blake, P.P., Fedamore, &c., were present at the funeral obsequies of the very reverend deceased in the church which he contributed to enlarge and adorn. The church was crowded with a numerous congregation of sorrowing parishioners.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Testimonial to the Rev. T. O'Keane, C.C.—The parishioners of Rathkeale have nobly manifested their sentiments of respect and devotion to their late exemplary and excellent curate, the Rev. Timothy O'Keane, on his removal to Croom, by the representation of an admirable address, accompanied by a purse, beautifully wrought and filled with gold, and a gold watch, and massive gold chain of superior workmanship, from the house of Scriber, the eminent manufacturer, Dublin. The watch is double-cased, full size gold duplex horizontal, of the very best make—and bears a suitable inscription on the interior of the case.—*Ibid.*

On the last feast of St. Francis Xavier, a reception or clothing of religieuses took place. Miss Mary Magrath, late of Cork, and Miss Mary O'Connor, of Bruff, received the white veil at the hands of the Very Rev. Dr. Cussen, P.P., V.G.—*Ibid.*

Funeral of the Rev. Mr. Hickey, Arles.—The last remains of this universally reverend clergyman were consigned to that "bourne whence no traveller returns," on Sunday last. Rarely has been witnessed a funeral more numerously and respectably attended. Protestants and Catholics, rich and poor, young and old, alike sought to join the mournful procession that conveyed to his last resting-place one whom all had loved and esteemed so well. Several clergymen of the established church were amongst the numbers, and testified their regret at the loss of one who, though he differed from them in creed, had ever been on terms of amity and Christian brotherhood with them.—*Carlow Post.*

Death of the Rev. C. A. Bowring, S. J.—We hear with deep regret the death of the Rev. Charles Algernon Bowring, of the Society of Jesus, which happened from consumption at Rome, on the 18th ultimo, where he was in his novitiate. He was the youngest son of Sir John Bowring, her Majesty's representative at Hong-Kong. He became a convert to Catholicity about six years since. One of his elder brothers, also a convert, who holds a high post in the civil service at Bengal, is married to a daughter of the late Hon. Sir John Talbot, G.C.B., and has just been appointed assistant private secretary to Lord Canning at Calcutta.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The *Univers* reports the foundation of a new community of nuns at Paris, to which the Holy Father has just sent his benediction and rich indulgence by a rescript in his own handwriting. These religious, styled "Helpers in Purgatory," add to the three usual vows that of devoting to the faithful departed all the merits of their devotions and charitable labors. The devotion has long existed in Italy, and has been indulgenced by Benedict XIII. and Pius IX.; but we are not aware that any congregation has before been constituted for carrying it out. The work of charity to which it is devoted is education, especially the training of Christian governesses. The religious have already been two years at work with great success.

Rev. Martin Fortune, C.C.—On the occasion of the removal of the above-named reverend gentleman from Lady's Island to Annacurra, a movement was made to present him with a suitable testimonial expressive of the esteem felt for him by his former parishioners. A sum of about £60 was collected for that purpose.—*Wexford People.*

Restitution.—Mr. Thomas Gill, a farmer residing in the parish of Kilmore, county Roscommon, gratefully acknowledges to have received six pounds from the Rev. Edward Keogh, P.P., which he lost some years ago on the public road.

The solemn and edifying rite of a reception took place in the convent of Dungarvan. The Very Rev. Dr. Hally, P.P., V.G., presided at the ceremony. The name of the young lady who was received is Maria Ellen, eldest daughter of John Kendrick, Esq., Knockley, Fethard, and in religion Sister Magdelene Joseph. The altar of the beautiful chapel was tastefully decorated with flowers, and several of the clergy and gentry of the district were present.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

The new Catholic Church, Blackrock, which was much wanted for the accommodation of Catholic visitors at this fashionable and much-frequented sea-bathing place, was recently opened, having been consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool, with all the rights and ceremonies appointed to be used for the consecration of a Catholic Church.

Mr. Thompson, some time a Wesleyan preacher, and subsequently a lecturer of considerable repute in Glasgow, was, a few days since, received into the church. His talents as a public speaker are likely to be made available in the interests of religion.

A new Catholic Church of Our Lady has been opened at Geneva, Switzerland. The *Univers* gives the address spoken on the occasion by the Vicar-General and P.P., the Abbe Donoyer.

We said last week that last Sunday would be a great day at Castlecomer. We were right. The sum collected for the repair of the chapel of that town was almost incredible, being £951 3s.! Priest and people worked together—the priest labored for the people, and the people loved the priest. Herein lies the secret.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The spirited people of Carrick-on-Suir, anxious to testify the high appreciation they entertained of the zeal and worth of the Rev. P. Byrne, who, for a period of nearly 14 years, was resident amongst them, have subscribed nearly £100 as a testimonial to the rev. gentleman.

The collection in the several churches in aid of the schools of the Presentation Convent, Limerick, amounted to £150. The Rev. J. W. Darrac preached an excellent sermon in St. Michael's Church, which was most numerously and respectably attended.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel has appointed the Rev. Thomas Slattery, Administrator of Thurles, to the parish of Hospital, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Barron, P.P. The Rev. William Wall, R.C.C., succeeds to the administratorship of Thurles.

Madame Mires has given 5 000 crowns towards the Basilics of St. Paul, as much to the "Pious Works," and 500 crowns towards the church of St. Alexander.

Domestic.

Archdiocese of New Orleans.—The spiritual retreat for the clergy of the archdiocese of New Orleans will open on Tuesday, the 12th of January; the religious exercises will be held in the Cathedral chapel. The retreat will be followed by a Diocesan Synod, which will close on Tuesday morning, January 19. Clergymen are requested to comply with the regulations contained in the circular addressed to them on this subject.—*Propogateur Catholique.*

The painting to be placed over the altar of the Cathedral, which was procured by the Bishop, in Rome, last summer, has been received. It is from the pencil of Gagliardi, one of the most celebrated artists of Rome, and was painted expressly for our church. It represents the dying Saviour, with Magdalen at the foot of the Cross. It is in the style of Guido, author of the most celebrated painting of the Crucifixion, which is in existence. We ourselves have never seen anything so magnificent. In addition to the beauty of its execution, its colossal size will make it worthy of our noble Cathedral. The painting is twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet wide. We congratulate the Catholics of Pittsburgh on the possession of this noble work of art,—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

CARD.

We would call the attention of Libraries and Religious Institutions to our Catalogue of Foreign and American Books, which we will supply on the most reasonable terms. We have also a Bindery in connection with our Bookstore, where all jobs intrusted to our care will be done neatly and in any style to suit customers.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Nearly every kind of Country Produce is very dull with prices tending downward. The export demand is very light. There is no speculative inquiry, and the consumptive demand makes but little impression upon the abundant product of the last season. The prices of Butter and Cheese are not materially changed and we retain our last quotations, remarking that anything below the first qualities is sold with difficulty, and the market is heavy throughout. Butter only brings highest quotations when perfectly well made and sweet, in small neat packages. Our quotations are:

Orange Co., pails, ₩ lb	@28
Prime State firkins and tubs, ₩ lb	19 @21
Ordinary State, ₩ lb	15 @ 7
Ohio, or common Western, ₩ lb	10 @ 11
Ohio, good, ₩ lb	12 @ 14
Extra Cheese, ₩ lb	@6½
Fair Prime Cheese, ₩ lb	6 @ 8
Ordinary, ₩ lb	4½@ 6
Goshen or English, ₩ lb	10 @11

Meats—As sold from the Market boats or by wholesale butchers.

Beef, by side, good fair quality, ₩ lb	6 @ 8
Mutton carcasses, ₩ lb	5 @ 8½
Lamb carcasses, ₩ lb	8½ @ 9
Veal carcasses, ₩ lb	10 @11
Pork carcasses, corn fed, ₩ lb higher	7 @ 7½
Pork carcasses, still fed, ₩ lb	6½@ 6¾

Poultry—The receipts are light, compared with this week last year.

Chickens, live, fat, ₩ pair	44 @ 50
Turkeys, live, ₩ lb	9 @ 10
Geese, live, choice breeds, ₩ head	1 00@1 25
Ducks, live, ₩ pair	62 @ 75
Turkeys, Jersey, & Long Island, ₩ lb	12 @ 14
Turkeys, Western & State, ₩ lb	11 @ 13
Geese, Jersey and L. I., ₩ pair	44 @ 50
Geese, Southern and Western, ₩ lb	10 @ 11
Chickens, by passage, ₩ lb	12 @ 14
Chickens, Western and State, ₩ lb	10 @ 11
Ducks and Teals, [illegible]	[illegible]
Geese, Wild, ₩ head	75 @1 00
Ducks, Brant, ₩ pair	50 @ 62
Widgeon, ₩ pair	50 @ 62
Wood Ducks, ₩ pair	62 @ 75
Partridges, ₩ pair	1 50@2 00
Pheasants, ₩ pair	62 @ 75
Quails, ₩ doz	75 @1 00
Rabbits, ₩ pair	38 @ 50
Squirrels, ₩ pair	25 @ 31
Venison, whole carcass, ₩ lb	6 @ 8
Venison, saddles, ₩ lb	9 @ 11
Bear Meat, ₩ lb, whole carcasses	11 @ 12

Hides and Skins—Beef, Green Country Hides, [illegible] ₩ lb.

Root Crops.

Potatoes—Very dull market with rates unchanged.

Western, ₩ bbl	[illegible]
Mercer, ₩ bbl	$3 00@3 25
Merino, ₩ bbl	2 50@2 62
Junes, Northern, ₩ bbl	2 00@2 25
Western Reds, ₩ bbl	1 87½@2 00
Carters, ₩ bbl	2 75@3 25
Peachblows, Northern, ₩ bbl	2 62½@2 75
Peachblows, Jersey, ₩ bbl	— —@2 00
Nova Scotia, ₩ bush	90@ 95
California, ₩ bbl	1 75@2 00
Sweet Virginias, from bulk, ₩ bbl	— —@3 00
Sweet, S. Jersey, received in bols, ₩ bbl	4 25@4 50

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec6 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00
No extra charge for French.	

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.	

Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months	$1 75
Commercial " " "	1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
jn6 3m *President.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is $150

For Students not learning Greek or Latin 135

Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra 15

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum 20

Music, per annum 40

Use of Piano, per annum 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 West Fifteenth Street,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is designed to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

By P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 8 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY. *Principal.*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 Second St., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum $10

Preparatory Class, $28 per annum

Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance.

sep19

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

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CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS for sale by the package at Importer's prices, by P. O'CONNOR.

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WILLIAMS & GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS.

1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.

GUION & CO.,
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